

MAY 3, 1976

CANADA'S NEWSMAGAZINE

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# Maclean's



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# Interview

With Jean Marchand

A former labor leader in Quebec and a veteran of the political wars in Ottawa, Jean Marchand has always been a street fighter. Perhaps the only time in his life he backed away from a blow—certainly the only time since he, Pierre Trudeau and his cabinet, won the 1980 election—came to Ottawa in 1985—occurred last year when, with his health failing and his integrity under attack, he was relieved of his duties as Minister of Transport and made a minister without portfolio. Now having recovered from high blood pressure and restored to full cabinet rank as Minister of the Environment, Marchand is ready to fight again. And just in time. There have been allegations by the Conservatives that as the Liberal party's Quebec leader he was involved in the Sky Shops affair. Senator Louis Goggin, a former bagman for the party in Quebec, has denied he made a \$85,000 profit on the sale of Sky Shops stock, but the case has changed. They added four officers, including National Hockey League President Clarence Campbell—under two sections of the Criminal Code. Marchand was interviewed by Ottawa's Bureau Chief Robert Lewis a short time before the charges were laid. Their conversation took place in Marchand's office which, significantly, once was occupied by the late Guy Fauriol, the former Justice Minister and Quebec Liberal leader. They talked about the life of a French-Canadian politician in Ottawa and by extension the politics of Quebec in a sheltered and characteristically candid mood. Marchand admitted it was tough clearing an anti-francophone atmosphere prevails in Ottawa.



## I KNOW DAMN WELL THE ENGLISH PRESS IS BIASED AGAINST FRENCH CANADIANS

**Marchand:** Do you feel that news stories coming out of Quebec in the English press suggest that Quebec has more political liberty—possibly than the other provinces?

**Marchand:** Yes. English Canadians should understand that we are more sensitive to those things than they are. Minorities should have more rights than majorities because they are weak and always fearful of being abused. When I look at what is going on in Ottawa, I know it isn't all that the English press has been so persistently looking for wrongdoing by French Canadians and has publicized the wrongdoings—or what may seem to be wrongdoings—on the part of French Canadians. It's partly a prejudice against French Canadians. It might also be political, if you want to destroy the Liberal party if you don't believe in it—and it's your right not to believe in the party of course—Que-

bec is what you have to kill. At the same time, the impression is that they let us because we are French Canadians, not because we are Liberals.

**Marchand:** This perception that the English press is out to destroy the government is not new. It has been around since the rule of the press during the 1930s. Many things are done in a very good faith. Those are the rules of the game. They are

always there, when there was a television camera outside your office door during an interview.

**Marchand:** Obviously, I know they want to see other ministers, and nobody heard about it. You know very well that from the inside face that the press wants to try to do, there is an assumption that something is wrong. If I was a newspaperman I would do the same thing, but it creates a prejudice that cannot be corrected at all.

**Marchand:** Were you involved at all in Sky Shops?

**Marchand:** I never received anything from Sky Shops, nothing at all. Did anybody in my office have anything to do with it? I don't know. We'll see. But even so, I have made thousands of recommendations here—all kinds for engineers and for contracts and so forth. This was my job. I was Quebec leader. That doesn't mean the recommendations were all accepted, but I was the first through whom all the requests were channelled. So this could have been channelled from me. There is nothing wrong in principle, but the question is: did I receive favors? I never heard of this one [Sky Shops]. I heard of hundreds of others, even some concerning Mr. Goggin. If I did have something to do with it, I would be nervous, any advantages, did he influence anybody? During this period, I was not in Transport, I was in Regional Economic Expansion. Anyway, the question is: did he [Goggin] speak to the Minister or try to reach the Deputy Minister of Transport and so forth? This would have been wrong. As for a simple request, I got them from just about everybody in the House—and even in the Press Gallery, which I found a bit normal.

**Marchand:** You mean members of the Press Gallery asked for favors?

**Marchand:** No. Well, they'd say, "I have a woman that you think you could find a job for him for the summer." I'd say, "You're the proper procedure" or "I'll find it," and so forth. But there is nothing crucial to that.

**Marchand:** Just improper?

**Marchand:** It's not even improper, because we're here for that. In my riding they ask for all kinds of things. It is improper if it doesn't involve anyone in Canada.

**Marchand:** Would you like to see more reporting from English Canada in French-language papers in Quebec?

**Marchand:** Of course I would. Even in the worst circumstances in which I lived in Ottawa—there were a few times when I really wasn't very happy—I always believed that this country had a sense that we should

lighting the government and, of course, if they want to weaken the government they have to weaken it in Quebec and probably in Ontario. At the beginning the press was supporting Mr. Trudeau, but it was not very long before it started fighting him. I don't say that he shouldn't be fought against.

**Marchand:** When specifically has this fighting in the press been directed itself to you?

**Marchand:** One example was racism, to say the least. I was told by a newspaperman in Ottawa that I shouldn't be in the cabinet because I'm not fluent enough in English. He was bigger than I was, because otherwise.

**Marchand:** You were unhappy particularly about the reporting of the so-called Sky

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stick together. Even if one of us I should decide "The hell with it." I don't think I'm going to become a nationalist for any reason. The difficulty is, even if you're Canadian (and don't know Canadians) they know their own regions but they don't know what's going on in the others. And it's not not only of French Canadians, it's true of English-speaking Canadians.

**Marchand:** How did the experience with Guy Fierstein, Rose Tremblay and Maurice Lamontagne lead in Ottawa to your conduct? They took an awful pounding when they were there.

**Marchand:** Of course, if Fierstein, Lamontagne and Tremblay had stayed here, probably we would never have come to Ottawa. We came because of this vacuum which was created by their departure.

**Marchand:** Were they headed out of Ottawa?

**Marchand:** They were killed in the House. I was destroyed by the machine. I knew all of them very well because in 1963 I was supposed to run with Mr. Trudeau and Mr. Bevilacqua. We disagreed on media because of Mr. Pearson's policy concerning nuclear weapons. I was in the labor movement and I took a very strong line against that. I could not just change my views because I wanted to go to politics. But Fierstein decided to go alone, and Lamontagne was already here in Mr. Pearson's cabinet, and he brought his friend Tremblay with him. But none of them were really prepared for the kind of fight in any case, whether they were English or French. Fierstein was a good lawyer in Montreal but I don't know if he had held a public meeting in his life. Lamontagne was a professor at the University of Toronto. The time for Tremblay, Of course they were not all prepared for the fight except miraculously Fierstein was a very good lawyer and Lamontagne had a very good mind and so did Tremblay. But this is only one element of politics. Because if you don't know how to fight it's not so bad. It is not good enough to be intelligent. That is why you have some very successful but unintelligent politicians.

**Marchand:** Did you come to Ottawa with the feeling that the same thing was not going to happen to you?

**Marchand:** Of course, yes. For many years I did fight quite hard. Last year was a little bit difficult. I made a mistake but not too big. I know that anybody who comes here and doesn't want to fight will be better off. Of course there are some fights that I don't like to engage in. Take what's been reported about Sky Shops without any kind of evidence in all these cases. I think I know that anybody who comes here and doesn't want to fight will be better off. Of course there are some fights that I don't like to engage in. Take what's been reported about Sky Shops without any kind of evidence in all these cases. I think I know that anybody who comes here and doesn't want to fight will be better off.

course. You know very well that in the minds of the people it occurs an impression whether you want it or not.

**Marchand:** It is not, it is somebody else's mind, that is to be a French-Canadian politician even in Ottawa you have to be taken as good as everybody else?

**Marchand:** Well, it's not only true for French Canadians, it's true for all situations in the world. In any kind of political hypothesis, it is more difficult to be a French Canadian than an English-speaking Canadian even with all the lines to protect the culture. When you're an elephant, of course, you're heavier than when you're a mouse.

**Marchand:** Is there a bias against French Canadians in the Ottawa environment?

**Marchand:** Well, as people were not so



WHAT DO YOU DO WITH  
THOSE WHO CAN'T BE  
BILINGUAL, KILL THEM?  
I CAN'T ACCEPT THAT

continued to French Canadians making a better environment in Canada. When I arrived here, for example, it was impossible to have our children brought up in French because there were no French schools at all. Even today government is an English institution. I don't blame anybody for that. In fact, if I was still a bilingualist, I would defend some English-speaking Canadians in Ottawa. When you go to a shop where 30 or 50 and you say, "Now you know if you want to have your last profession, you have to know French." Well, I think that's almost correct. It's very easy to accuse the rights of individuals who are not needed in our time and who have made their lives and who are not ready to

quit Ottawa in order to live in their language because they cannot learn the other one. My last deputy minister, who was one of the most intelligent men I met in Ottawa, was Tom Kent. Our minister for work to St. Pierre-Miquelon, saying, "Well Jean, I'm going to learn French." When he came back he could hardly say "yes" and "no" in French, just because he could not learn it. What do you do, kill those men, say "You're out of the service"? Then I can't accept.

**Marchand:** Are you suggesting that the government go more slowly in implementing the language policy?

**Marchand:** Not necessarily more slowly, but it depends when you go fast, at which level. I think that for all the newcomers we can be more strategic and say, "Take part of the job. If you want to be an ambassador, for example, well you will have to learn a number of languages."

**Marchand:** A minor adjustment was made in April, the eighth year of the French law in government. How can we be able to establish the French-Canadian presence in Ottawa, as you agreed to do?

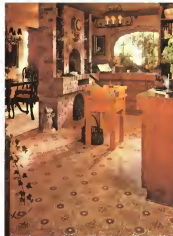
**Marchand:** It has been partly established. It's a problem of government. If you look at the House, you will see about 15 young Liberal MPs who are very active and very energetic and fighting.

**Marchand:** And maybe a little member on the back bench.

**Marchand:** There would be something wrong with them if they weren't that way. They are taking part in politics, and they are fighting in Quebec. It might take two or three generations, maybe not as long as that.

**Marchand:** It is a very remarkable, even after all of your time, as you will come day.

**Marchand:** Surely something will have been changed. Just look out the window at Hull. If you remember what Hull was in 1961, all the French-Canadian lived there in the slums. Now, of course, they are complaining because too many English speakers are going to work in Hull. The main problem we have is in Montreal, which used to be the Canadian metropolis. It's losing ground. The economic growth of Montreal is much less than the economic growth of Toronto. Now, most of the immigrants are going to Toronto, or Ottawa—and for obvious reasons. I don't blame them, because if I was in management I would come to Ontario, not Quebec, because of economics. The European, who suffered war or revolutions or ideological or religious or religious grounds, doesn't like the atmosphere of Quebec. At the moment, even if it's not so serious as it looks. What worries me most than companies leaving Quebec are those which don't go to Quebec. If this happens, there is no doubt about that. Now Quebec might be maintaining an economic growth that is as good as the rest of Canada, but it's due to the Jean Bay Project, to the Olympics and Montreal. That will mean so an end shortly and then you will see the true situation of Quebec.



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**Marchand:** In this a result of Mayor Drapeau's desire for prestige projects at the cost of developing a strong manufacturing base in the city.

**Marchand:** It's partly the role of a mayor to try to put his own stamp. It's more for the provincial and the federal governments to see that some other most important projects are being developed.

**Marchand:** How would you feel about the *Bonanza* night show?

**Marchand:** If there was an election tomorrow the Liberals would be weakened, but they would still win the game. But there will be people who are dissatisfied with many aspects of Bonanza's government who have nowhere to go. There are no alternatives. The argument that the Parti Quebecois is making now—"Vote for us and we'll have a referendum on separation after that"—is a ploy.

**Marchand:** And you're afraid of separation felt out after the Olympics are over because of contracts that were awarded without tender?

**Marchand:** Yes, we will have that kind of stuff. Particularly in Quebec where it's always sensitive. You'll have a lot of reports going to Montreal to see if I had a contract or a friend who bought a piece of land there. It can happen with Sky Shops or other things. But what is more important is "What is going to happen after the Olympics? What is going to maintain the economy?"

**Marchand:** As Bonanza is offering a leader in Quebec right now?

**Marchand:** He is an effective leader in his way. Of course, he's not the same type of a man as Mr. Trudeau. To overturn the Prime Minister of something you have to be unconditionally right. He may be wrong but if he thinks that you're not intellectually right, well, he'll try anything, you're not going to get it. Even if you are politically sound, he's not going to take that into consideration.

**Marchand:** Surely political matters must enter his mind sometimes?

**Marchand:** Sometimes. It's not his nature. It doesn't come spontaneously when he looks at problems. He views things to solve them objectively. There is not the way Bonanza proceeds. He looks first at the political problems and then he tries to rationalize this. So this is why they don't work very well together. They have to solve the same wavelength and I don't make any judgment as to who is best.

**Marchand:** Do you think the Prime Minister will step in on a fight another election or will he stay down?

**Marchand:** My assumption is that he will stay on unless everybody in English Canada says, "We're fed up with you and all those who are surrounding you." You know, politics is a world of wolves. That means if somebody weakens, the others jump on. This is part of the game. If this happens I don't think that the Prime Minister is going to resist and say, "Well okay I'm going to stay there even if everybody is opposed." He is not a Diebaken type.

**Marchand:** Do you think you're an evolution主义者?

**Marchand:** Well, I don't think that any other party can win an election. So it wouldn't be out of the question with the not-inflation measures. Wives are not satisfied with prices in the stores. There is a lot of dissatisfaction. And here in Ottawa they are still dissatisfied with this bilingual policy. It is a difficult situation, but it's difficult for everybody and nobody. I look at the kind of proposals that are put forward by the opposition, and I see more that are acceptable. What do they propose?

**Marchand:** Well, Joe Clark says that he's going to make it clear what the Conservative Party stands for.

**Marchand:** Well, it's about time. This is what I'm looking for. What do they propose in the field of labor relations? What



## POLITICS IS A WORLD OF WOLVES. IF SOMEBODY WEAKENS, THE OTHERS JUMP ON HIM

do they propose to do about education? They have 1,000 good reasons on the government's head, and if I was on the other side of the House probably I would find a few others.

**Marchand:** How do you assess Clark's performance in job?

**Marchand:** He hasn't been there long enough. He was lucky to have this "judges affair." It looked as though he was the one who discovered it all. In politics you have to take the good things and the bad things. What others think me as a politician is that you're responsible for the things you're not responsible for either. So I don't blame him for playing politics with that. That's fair.

**Marchand:** Speaking of judges, Justice Minister Baskin recently cautioned judges about appointing ministers.

**Marchand:** He's very wise. [Laughs] Baskin is to be praised. If you don't like it, of course, you can always do something else. But it's a very difficult job where you have no security at all unless you have enough votes to get your security. But if you don't have the vote and you fight the ball, and it's hard on your health, and after all of that you are considered like a nobody at all, then somebody else is better. You can't consider yourself the person as if he's gone and cannot be called to and in fact, there should be some kind of balance. I don't say that we shouldn't respect the judiciary. On the contrary, I think it should be respected. But I think that there are some other institutions that deserve to be respected.

**Marchand:** You sound like Rodney Dargatzis. You don't get any respect.

**Marchand:** Well, I don't give a damn because it somebody gives me hell, I can do the same thing. I know so much about that. I mean of course how to fight, and I can fight back any time. It's very important to protect the institution [the judiciary]. But a government is a very important institution, too. If I knew that something would be done here in Ottawa tomorrow that would provide a revolution in Baskin's, I would say to Senator Adams, was a mistake, something is going on there and tell you please intervene—not in the judgment, not in the decision, but this is a political problem. You know political problems are not all correct. They are very serious problems, because politics creates the law, politics creates the judges.

**Marchand:** To raise some of the air, why not have public hearings of people before they are named judges?

**Marchand:** It's not practical. The one who is going to get it is the one who has the best organization. I don't say that the selection procedure cannot be improved. It's wrong just to pick somebody because he's been a lawyer in a Conservative. Today we have a real problem. We put forward some good nominations of judges, but they are not understood. They are making too much money. You have lawyers making well over \$100,000 a year, then Mr. Holden who charges \$1,000 a day for his services—and he is not that bad lawyer in Canada. I would like to be able to charge \$10,000, and, of course, I'm only a minister, not a lawyer. We have nominated many judges, Conservative judges, even a Conservative senator, Marshall Acheson in 1972. I was the one who recommended that.

**Marchand:** Is that the Liberal party now holds its old Communist air?

**Marchand:** Yes, but Odier Constant was it in 1972 [after Acheson was appointed]. And it's only the next time, in 1974, that the Liberals won. If there was somebody in Quebec who could have predicted that in the second election we could get it, of course I would have hired this man. ☺

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## Letters

Oh to be in Ottawa, now that Allan's not

As an ex-Torontonian living voluntarily in Ottawa for the past two years, I feel compelled to respond to Allan Fotheringham's *Indivisible On-The-Roads*. (March 22)

His prejudiced comments on Ottawa show a distinct lack of imagination and resource. It seems he can only complain about the weather and the dullness of other people's conversation, the dullness of which might be in direct response to his own.

I suppose that most people coming from "gloomy, somber" Toronto are lost when they find themselves in a city with a more subtle appeal. Ottawa has its own special personality, and it has a lot to offer to the weary individual. In buying the same old path to the Château Laurier to gaze at passing politicians, Fotheringham failed to discover the newer and more interesting places that the Ottawa area has to offer. Ottawa is different from any other city—in all other should be—and *see it differently!*

ANGELA MARCUS, OTTAWA

In *Indivisible On-The-Roads*, I dare say Allan Fotheringham has been too long in the mountains—while in the valleys he writes as if from on high.

NANCY AYARST, DUNCAN, BC

Ought you, in all fairness to the other golden sons of this realm, allow Allan Fotheringham to exist with as little bias about the virtues of Ottawa? Any of us who have lived there—even for a few years—know he exaggerates wildly in his praise of the city's creaky style and weather—particularly the weather. I think those people must have done something wrong, some-

thing and brought it on themselves.  
NORMAN KLEINMAN, TORONTO

I sincerely wish that Allan Fotheringham had begun *Indivisible On-The-Roads* by announcing that he was suffering from a cold or the flu rather than leaving this key admission to the last paragraph.

At the very least, it would have been a valuable aid to understanding his vitriolic approach. At best, it may well have prevented a further squaring the knee I would wading through all his grandiose aspersings.

REITH KLOCKMAN, OTTAWA

With *Indivisible On-The-Roads* Allan Fotheringham has written a particularly vituperative article about Ottawa. He remarks on "the dullness of the people," "the beauty wastrels," the "solipsism from reality," and ends with, "Ottawa does not represent Canada as nothing in Canada is so dull."

Well, beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and you can't please everybody. It would be interesting to hear Fotheringham's description of some city that has earned his approval. This would not be Victoria. "God's waiting room, floating adrift on a fantasy island oblivious to real life." Nor would it be Toronto "the grasping consciousness of Toronto (not a New York in someone's mind, but a failed dream)." Perhaps it would be Montreal, "the voice of Montreal" (whatever that means). Ottawa may be *Indivisible* to Fotheringham, but that is better than being *Magnolia*.

It would have been illuminating, however, to follow Fotheringham on his three-



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day support in Ottawa to determine how his unfortunate transportation was recorded. Perhaps the severe Ottawa climate caused Fiedler's failure to find out in the past. My advice to him for the future is to keep out of those parts. He will find the welcoming and welcoming residents of Ottawa sitting on the canal or skating in the Ottawa Hills.

GEORGE WASTINEZ OTTAWA

### One hand clapping for El Salvador

Your interview with Ed Schreyer (March 22) shows he is not a head of his superlatives as that he recognizes that the labor-oriented, high-consumption society we have constructed over the past 30 years creates high expectations and, at the same time, makes it impossible to meet them. Now if he could only see that the problem is primarily political, many conservatives (and I-G could accept him readily).

Let me point out one small corner of the whole. Schreyer speaks to a \$30,000-a-year or more were the vice mark of membership in "the system. Dubious life style." I've got news for him. That life is rapidly coming in October. Only 373 people in the federal civil service got that much money in 1972. By 1974 the number was 2,165. Following the normal course of events, the use of this group at the end of 1975 will not be announced and some time in 1976. However, given the recent rate of increase in the size of the candidate group (those earning at least \$35,000 but less than \$50,000), it will probably be more 5,000 than 4,000.

This is the same group that got its increase through in July, 1975, well before the imposition of wage and price controls on the less fortunate. There are times when inside information and a privileged person can pay off handsomely. A deplorable large number of citizens believe that this timing was planned, not fortuitous.

In a society in which the head of government falls with a steadily increasing strength upon an ever-widening range of subjects, a look on the ladder leading to the upper marks of the civil service in the secret road to an elite position.

Schreyer has to claim that he understands the economic problem. Our very social support for him would take a vital jump if he could also make the political problem that his proposed solutions create.

I LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI, AND ONTARIO

I enjoyed your interview with Premier Ed Schreyer of Manitoba very much. Thank goodness there's one politician who is not so afraid or too late-concerned to tell things as they are. That means someone is being depicted as a fool, that they won't magically but forever with the myth of progress in just that—a myth!

I would like to see some of the major inequalities resolved so that labor could more gracefully accept wage controls. (Money for Ed Schreyer?)

BARBARA ROWE, LA SALLE, QUE.

To Mackenzie's, one off behind the ear. I very much enjoyed reading your issue of March 22, particularly The Sky-Scraper Man and article on Silver Platoon. Ernest Mackay Michael Knight presented a very interesting biographical sketch but he has earned points for his to the "system" and he has not worried his society.

Too many writers fail to establish properly their biographical information. I was amazed to find that miners from England and the Continent "poured into New Glasgow" which was the largest coal deposit in North America. I don't think the citizens of New Glasgow welcomed the thought of being the coal-mining towns in France.

County. Only the neighboring towns of Scotland and Westville are shown that lower, and they defend it vehemently.

Being a native of Scotland myself, I readily recall the distance of my home town, one of which you referred to as "Red Row." Knight's description of the area as one of the "Great Britain" is a good part of news" is totally wrong. This was the "company" end of town, where miners and their families lived in dwellings supplied by the coal companies. Sure the miners were knight. They had to be so to survive. They were a remarkable breed of men who lived through the depression, facing it more than often—waiting for the 3 p.m. whistle.

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to let them know whether they had a half or a full day's work on the window. From this "tough part of town" came the world-famous "Drugmen." It hardly think they raised their ideas much differently from others—a "tuff" behind the car" was not solely attributed to the upbringing of offspring in this section of town.

J. H. SANDERS, TORONTO

### The area of contention

It appears that the meaning of controversy ("discussion in which opposite views and advanced and maintained by opponents") eludes Maclean's. The abortion controversy, which has split friends and the medical and legal professions, and which involves great issues of life, liberty and the role of law, deserves more respectful treatment than you have given it in *Maclean's* (February 9).

Your report might lead a reader to suppose that a growing Catholicism is a unit for public office, that a minister of justice should abandon his conscience and the law to serve the interests of the moment.

Dr. Morgentaler's medical license was suspended, not, as you suggest, as part of a persecution conspiracy, but quite likely because there is evidence that he issued disposable vaccines, exposing his clients to the risk of infection (the *Montreal Gazette*, December 24, 1974).

As "Canada's Netemagazine," do you your readers a disservice by presenting only half the facts. You may have strong feelings on this issue, but if your story is just all the facts will bear you out.

DANIEL F. BURNHAM, BC

### Professional omnibank strikes again

I was dismayed by Dr. R. M. Taylor's reference in *The Year Of Living In A Lamentable One* (Letter, April 5) to "Gifford-Jones" as "a general practitioner with no special background that would qualify him as an expert." Apart from the fact that "Gifford-Jones" is an obsolete name/technology, I feel that statements like this contribute greatly to a state of division in the medical profession, and hence to a sense of bewilderment among patients.

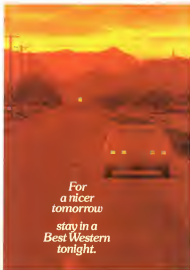
The College of Family Physicians of Canada has been working for 22 years to eradicate the old saying "they put a GP" by creating that the best practice is by today's family doctors is at the highest standard. One should not expect lack of "expertise" with the practice of general medicine—especially not in the field of prevention.

MARGARET MCCAFFERY, EDITOR, CANADIAN FAMILY PHYSICIAN, WILLOWDALE, ONT.

### The crucians are over—or should be!

We read your magazine more and more, it is getting better all the time. But may I suggest that you try to be more objective, and that you do not show so much bias, even racism and cruelty. You are now a newspaper, not a crusader for pet peeves.

K. SOLT, WINDSOR, QUE.



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# A Canadian response to the Trident: 'No incineration without representation'

Column by William Epstein

In all the current swirling over Soviet Trident, not much attention has been paid—certainly not enough—to Trident, the most devastating instrument of mass destruction ever developed by mankind. From those wonderful fables at the Pentagon who already give us Polaris and Poseidon, the Trident gets more of the media muscle: being where you think it is due out of the shipyards in 1975-79 will make all antecedents seem primitive by comparison. Some people derive comfort from such weaponry. But many others, including a growing number of Canadians, view the Trident program as the most extravagant and potentially most deadly reined in the arms race to date. And in the gathering anti-Trident protest movement, the Canadian voice is especially relevant. Trident will be built—and based—in Bangor, Washington, some 50 miles south of Victoria and less than 100 from Vancouver. Both cities would be prime victims in any nuclear war.



Masses and the impact in line of oil barrels

To appreciate just how destructive Trident will be, it ought to be clear indeed that no nuclear possessions were not exactly debilitated when it came to firepower. The first generation Polaris subs of the early Sixties carried 16 missiles with hydrogen warheads—20 or 30 times the power of the bombs that ended Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The second generation Poseidon missiles carried seven—multiple independently targetable reentry vehicles, up to 14 warheads fitted to each missile could be aimed at separate targets. 2,000 miles and were accurate enough to land within 500 yards. One Polaris submarine refitted with Poseidon missiles could easily destroy any nation on earth. Indeed, at 1976, the United States claimed enough strategic nuclear weapons (as distinct from tactical nuclear weapons) to level all 110,000 Russian cities with populations of 150,000 or more—36 times (The Russians, poor fellows, could destroy approximately 40 American cities only 12 times).

Once upon a time, there was method in this madness. Overkill capacity is a direct result of the policy of nuclear deterrence which is based on the quiet notion that each side can be deterred from striking the other only by a balance of terror. So the idea of possessing a first-strike capability—the ability to wipe out the enemy nuclear in one surprise attack—obviously was any war, the doctrine of deterrence needs the existence of an invulnerable bank of retaliatory weapons to destroy the attacker. Hence, in any nuclear con-

frontation, both sides lose—and millions die—regardless of who strikes first. One is particularly anxious aspect of Trident that might create a perceived first-strike threat and thus upset the stability of deterrence. The Poseidon's initial plan is to build 10 Trident (the name refers to the three-pronged sceptre of Neptune, Roman God of the Sea), each carrying 10 missiles. The bulk of the stockpile will be engaged with up to 20 nuclear warheads, with a range of 4,000 miles. Later models will be automatically

rather than arms control treaties and stages were once considered bargaining devices, in response the Soviets insisted on playing catch-up with the United States. In fact it was former President Richard Nixon who halted the Trident program (apparently not started to begin until the 1980s) in a new initiative, hoping to give leverage to the NATO allies. Typically, Nixon used the same spending to assuage the navy and long-jerk conservatives in Congress that there would be no talk in accepting the NATO agreements.

The reason for building in Bangor—a safe harbor in Puget Sound with easy access—are equally shallow. Most important Soviet nuclear bases lie in western Russia and would be better reached from the Atlantic than the Pacific. In any case, Poseidon subs are already operating from both Puget Sound and Guam, any benefits obtained from being able to hide in the Pacific's additional ocean spaces—an asset of the Trident missile's increased range—will be equally well obtained by the American decision to fit the missile onto 10 Poseidon subs and using other bases.

If the arguments in defense of Trident are underwhelming, those against it are not. What does it add to world peace to be able to annihilate Soviet cities 70 times, instead of 36 times? The Trident missiles are accurate, there are not enough targets for the 4,000 to 5,000 warheads. As it did with ICBS, SLAMS, and others, the Soviet Union will inevitably follow the American lead and build its own version of Trident, thus providing new impetus to the arms race, weakening defense, and encouraging the spread of nuclear weapons to smaller nations.

It is obviously in the world's interest to stop Trident now. Under international law, of course, the United States could claim a sovereign right to build whatever bases it likes anywhere in its own territory. But Americans have no moral or political right to imperil Canadian or any other lives. Undoubtedly, Ottawa is completely apathetic, sure. Indeed, it has even defunded Trident on the same spurious grounds once used by the Pentagon. Earlier this year, in Vancouver, Defense Minister James Richardson told a protest group that Trident was a deterrent to war, and the Canadian government planned no protest over the location of the base. Trident is not deterrent, it's a liability, a game of roulette that has no winners.

William Epstein, writing professor in the University of Victoria, was from 1970 to 1971 director of the disarmament division.

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## Preview

When the gun lobby talks, the government listens

The federal government will soften its bushy-headed and highly contentious gun-control legislation when the Commons peace committee gets around to classifying class study of it next month. Among changes predicted are a lower age limit (dropped to 12 from 14) for young people using firearms under adult supervision, the elimination of a planned firearms license fee in areas where hunting is a livelihood, and an agreement that collectors can keep certain modern weapons (such as World War II flares) as curios, and clarification of the bill's wording (which as it stands could, for example, make it a crime for an unlocked pistol to pocket as empty rifle shell found on the ground). The government has run into heavy criticism over its proposals, and the modifications it plans to at least a partial concession to critics. Still, the government expects the amended legislation to win approval before parliament reconvenes for the summer. Once it is passed, the bill will be phased in, region by region, across the country. The first areas to be affected are:

**Handicapped across the Himalayas:** After 14 years of hostility, the world's two most populous nations are preparing to resume normal diplomatic relations. China and India have decided to exchange ambassadors for the first time since they fought a border war (like Chavez won a victory of sorts) in 1962. New Delhi, however,

is dependent upon Moscow for military and economic aid, apparently wants to wait a more independent course. Peking apparently wants to continue its outward-looking foreign policy. Circumstances have changed since the Asian giants last talked formally. Both are members of the nuclear club now, and both are dictatorships. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi appears as firmly reconnected as Chairman Mao Tse-tung.



**First, the bad news:** Another widespread case of hepatitis this summer, but for once there'll be no scandal involved if anything, it will be the reverse. The one-piece bathing suit is back (and occasionally backless) and Canadian women in their hundreds of thousands will be wearing it on the beach and at the pool. The durable bikini and the daring "string" will still be around, of course, and there will be more "bikini-style" in evidence on secluded beaches. But the one-piece bathing suit is selling twice as well this year as last. Says Brad Connolly, who buys swimwear for Saks Fifth Avenue: "The new suits are very sexy-looking—they put things to the body. Even if you're a little plump or stout, they look terrific on." Still, she concedes, "If you've got a super figure there's nothing like a bikini to show it off." As for nude bathing, and the threat it poses to bar jobs: Ms. Connolly believes "our Canadian women are far too sophisticated for that."



Mao and Gandhi: two great peoples, etc.

**San Pacific:** There's never been anything about Vancouver, and there still isn't. Later this month the city will publish a 300-page celebration of itself called *The Vancouver Book*. Prepared at a cost of \$50,000 put up by the city, local businesses and citizens, the book will retail for \$10.95 and tell readers everything they always wanted to know about Vancouver and more. Much more. Largely prepared by outside creative consultant Chuck Davis, it contains a wealth of trivia as well as useful information about social services, art galleries and parks. Also, inside:

**Made of our people:** Hold on to your ears; here comes Deja Vu, together again for the first time. Music industry both are producing big things for a new Canadian rock group, which is about to be launched in a blaze of costly publicity in the United States and Canada. The group—seven Toronto-based musicians and singers under the supervision of ex-4-glamorous star Skip Prokeet—has been rehearsing for eight months and is on the verge of releasing an album, entitled, perhaps appropriately, *Song For Everyone*. The title song and several others were written by Prokeet. Three tracks on the album come from the pen of scapologist composer David Bach, who wrote Prokeet's previous album, *Prokeet*. The *Deja Vu* lineup: Cal Dodd, late of *Rockette*; Mandy, Paul Gordon and Bob Bonnell on vocals; Terry Wilkins (bass), John Kline (keyboards), Wally Cameron (drums) and John Pyma (guitar). The group is being produced at the United States by New York expatriate Jeremy Isner. Why the name *Deja Vu*? "Lucky," says Prokeet, "these guys have seen it all before."



Prokeet takes seven rock veterans, and lets it happen, mix well and serve.











secretarinate in the Speech Bureau. The Throne in early 1975, the government, with one eye on the growing Watergate scandal at the United States, promised to introduce long overdue conflict-of-interest legislation. The bill, which would have been a law, took the summer of 1975, the government did produce the so-called "green paper" on conflict of interest. It proposed that men and women be prohibited from owning more than 5% of the stock or be an officer or director in a company in which they were employed, and he requested to disclose all holdings of less than 5% in such a company. The green paper stopped short, however, of recommending that public disclosure of financial assets be made by all members of the government in the summer of 1975, the bill was fought fiercely by people with much to lose. In the end, the compromise, drafted by Liberal sex-rod Robert, a former Marxist broadcaster, compromised and recommended that only MPs and ministers be required to disclose their assets to a specially appointed committee.

The government said it would wait for the Senate committee to report before acting on any recommendations. But the senators didn't begin studying the matter until last June. Since then, the Senate legal committee, under the chairmanship of H. C.



Before a medium of restraint, please

Goldenberg, the prominent labor mediator, has held eight meetings on the green paper, the last three behind closed doors. Now the issue has been put aside while the committee begins work with the government's "peace and security" legislation.

The senators are hung up on the proposal in the green paper which would prohibit them from receiving fees for services.

reintroduced on Parliament Hill or before government boards or tribunals. "The language of the proposal is so ineffective that it is difficult to discuss it sensibly," said Senator Georges Mélinand, the former Liberal cabinet minister, during one committee meeting. Added Senator John Lard, "If you make things so equal that no person wants to become a member of the other place [the House of Commons] or a member of the Senate, then who is going to run the country?"

LAWRENCE HART

## ALBERTA

This town had such promise

former Mayor Loughland closed a 35-hour hard hat, behind a hammer over his shoulder and broke the cement for a new post office glass in St Paul. The was opening in northern, concautany's. Main Street Alberta program and it was a chance for him to predict once again a great future for the province's little towns. "We don't want a province with two huge metropolitan areas," proclaimed the Premier, a message echoed many times since his Progressive Conservative government was elected in 1971. Two hundred miles to the South on the bustling little town of Lacombe, Loughland's statement was greeted with boisterous derision. There won't be any conserva-

breaking ceremony in Lacombe. As businessman Harold Johnston succinctly puts it, "The provincial government of screwdrivers is that simple."

Lucombe, a town of 4,000 in central Alabama's tree belt, 75 miles south of Edmond, has a reputation as a farm-based economy which has been given a boost lately by young people fleeing cities for the advantages of small-town life. Lucombe's only problem is its elderly, shabby downtown and the 20,000-square-foot vacant lot in the middle of it.

<sup>10</sup>The government came to us in 1978.

We didn't use a poor boy approach to them," says Johnston, department store owner and president of the Downtown Re-development Corporation. "They told us when great things were going to happen in rural Alabama. They said if we wanted to grow, the opportunity was certainly there."

Lebanese businessmen say a government official indicated that as much as one million dollars would be paid for redevelopment of the town and the 23 other com-

of miles in need of a landfill might join the program after Lacombe Consultants, hired by the government, descended on Lacombe. Construction costs were outlined. Funding investigated. Architects drew up plans that included a covered shopping mall, a town square and reposit-

their properties. The \$35,000,000 purchase, demolition north and land options brought the businessmen's outcry to almost unbearable levels. "There is no way we can bind legal correspondence from the government," They told us then there wouldn't be any more measurements until after the (March) elections. Then in April we were told that the government would be in a position where we could go ahead and get contributions from local businessmen for their equity contribution—30% of the total \$25,000,000. The president of Jalisco, the Governor of Jalisco, and the Mayor of the government (Academy) businessman made confident trips to Edmundo, he met the telephone wires, begged for approvals, and the project was approved. Edmundo considered the pilot project was never going to fly. They've got to see the new Minister of Business Development and Tourism. Rick Downing, appeared in a cabaret in the city. He was a very tall man, dark skin—black with a beige waist coat and a stack of such-and-such dollars.

The provincial government rejects the inconvenience. Ken Broadfoot, executive director, regional services branch, says he was "very careful" with Lacombe. "I told them from the start it was just a civil servant, making a recommendation to the cabinet. There was never any concern."

## BRITISH CITY LINES.

## Let them eat tulip bulbs

Bill Vander Zalm learned early in his career just how much political mileage he could make with the issue of welfare abuse. In 1975, as the youngest mayor in the history of Surrey, B.C., he suggested that all able-bodied welfare recipients be put to work picking berries. It was a casual remark, throw-in in the heat of a local dispute over the number of people on the town's welfare rolls, but it put Vander Zalm in headlines across the country and changed his career from a relative unknown to a high-profile politician.

[illegible]

Wunder Zelen has developed a thick skin in just a few decades in politics. He brushes off charges that he is a "red-neck" ("It's better to be a red-neck than a yellow belly"), although he still enages when his more bitter opponents call him "Nazi" and "fascist" for his welfare policies (he remembers begging for potatoes and eating tulip bulbs as a child in his native Holland, when it was occupied by the Nazis).

Woolfenden has said (although he has not produced any data to back his claim) that his acrid probably saw between \$40 million and \$50 million by eliminating welfare abuse. At present, about 130,000 people are on welfare in the province, and he says that he would like to see that number cut by 50 percent. But he admits even his own staff is dubious about the hard line he is taking to weed out welfare recipients. "I'm moving for the most progressive program anywhere in North America," he says. "The social workers consider me not for what I'm doing—I'm surprised they can't see it's progressive." He argues that people are focusing too much on the negative "commonsense" view, and he points to increases in job creation, the drop in drug use, and his province's new legislation to maximize benefits paid to the handicapped and low-

**All the comforts of a sardine can**

The Olympic movement may be rather by one or two sports after this summer's games in Montreal. While it will be running and jumping is still in the city's Olympic Stadium across the street to the 300-million pyramidal Olympic Village, competition for bed, breakfast, room and even the bathroom is going to be fierce.

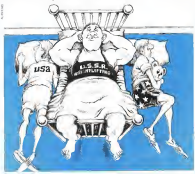
Guatemaltecos were expecting to find up to 9,000 soldiers and officials in the 180 apartment-style buildings that number from 11,000 to 12,000. Village director Juan Delacruz says the army is "not going to find anything but a 'transform' which is less important, a new way to a living, humanism and continuous education." In other words, it's going to be more crowded than the sounds of a soccer field, a Keating's Christmas concert or a night of salsa dancing. The army's first base will be sleeping in many in four to six rooms and 14 to 16. Three-bedroom apartments in one of the village's two-bedroom apartments. Four will sleep in the master bedroom, two more in the second bedroom, two in the kitchen and four in the living-dining area. The rest of the room is for storage. There is only one bathroom, though other toilets and showers will be installed in the hall. Storage space and hot water will be in short supply, and never there are only 12 television Olivetti points lodged on the lower floors of the 18-story buildings. The village director says that the army's spokesman pointed out that soldiers will be spending much of their time outdoors, and "these are people who

are used to bring in tents. They go along

Not all the news is bad. For the first time, female inmates will be allowed to visit with male relatives in their quarters, though it may be some time before they are allowed to visit with male friends. Males will still be kept out of women's

rooms. The complicated metal ticket system used at Munich in 1972 (where the village was three times as big) has been scrapped. And games organizers have decided to issue athletes red cotton shirts and yellow caps, to be changed every five days. Until recently they had been planning to use paper. **GLENDA**

GLENN ALLEN



Johnston on the site of the redevelopment that never was left standing at the site.

government offices. The consultants eventually recommended a \$200,000 grant for Lancaster's town square, land assembly assistance and debt-free guarantees. Total redevelopment cost would have been \$2,250,000, with the portion beyond government assistance to be raised through debt-restructuring and leases.

Lacoste businessmen, meanwhile, had formed the Downsview Redevelopment Corporation, which purchased a dilapidated lumberyard in the heart of the urban sprawl. Mack and took options on six

quent" Deputy Minister Al McDonald says the cabinet concluded that what was spent in Lacombe would have to be duplicated throughout the province and Alberta couldn't afford that. Adds Broadbent: "But they shouldn't be too discouraged." The Alberta Opportunity Company might consider a loan, the Devonian Foundation of Calgary (which granted \$70,000 to St. Paul for its plans) might be amenable to a grant. "We're just too damn deflated to plunge back into the maelstrom of bureaucracy," says a skeptical Johnston. Resign-





Vendor Zelen weathering the gathering storm in his hat, no pigtails

income parents as a way of recognizing the single parent and the disabled to seek employment. "We're not talking here of saving money, although we would in the long run. We're talking about getting single mothers back into the community and getting their children out of the welfare syndrome and letting the handicapped work even for short periods if they can without losing benefits."

But Levi believes the new administration is making the welfare crackdown on money and spreading fear throughout the system. "We (the city) talk that alone and counteracted our efforts on the previous administration—child care, families, senior citizens and the handicapped," he says, although the new mayor was hardly a popular one: himself—the \$110-million budget overrun set the stage for Vander Zelen's mental play. And the drama after all, is all politics. As Levi says—"This guy probably represents in the cabinet the greatest threat to (the mayor) Bill Bennett. He's a politician, he's bright politically and he's far more personable than Bennett. His only problem is he may be suffering from overkill: the better stop now before he becomes a joke."

LINDA BARRIS

#### OTTAWA

##### Tugboat diplomacy

More than 2 million Canadians currently hold the black-and-gold passports that identify them as Canadian citizens and British subjects and that request in the name of Her Majesty the Queen that they be allowed to travel freely without loss of hardship. To theory that were downed governments then the provision of the Canadian government, just how security that protection is in practice was threatened by two incidents last last month.

In Beirut, Toronto Star reporter Gerald Uring was kidnapped by Arab militants and held for 72 hours as he attempted to issue the anti-fury city from a heavily but half a world distant in the friendly



Uring: 72 hours of hell and poetry

sent two diplomats screaming back to Lebanon to meet them, but they arrived too late to be of aid. There were no Canadian representatives on the spot—although there are said Canadian citizens in the area—because Ottawa ordered embassy staffers to withdraw to the easy safety of

Adana in the end of March. "The embassy could not carry out any of its functions," External Affairs Minister Allan Rock then declared. "It seemed to me useless to maintain a presence in the area when they could not perform any function whatsoever." But the British embassy did continue to function, and still does, and one of the functions it performs is to help embuffed Canadians—like Gerald Uring.

Newsmen expect to risk their safety as foreign places, tourists don't, especially not in such countries as Mexico, which welcomes 200,000 Canadian tourists each year, and which not so very long ago afforded Prime Minister Trudeau a red-carpet reception. Victor Fisher got a distinctly different reception—three months in a Mexican jail because of a \$500 misunderstanding. Fisher borrowed a cheque for that amount through a bank error, he repaid the \$500 but refused to pay \$190 "damages" and landed in jail on a charge of fraud. That was in January. Under Mexican law Fisher could have been held for a year awaiting trial—and he might have been, for all the help he received from the Canadian embassy 325 miles away in Mexico City. "They were not as useful," Fisher's wife, Betty said. "They never did a blessed thing." The case muddled through the Mexican legal system for three months while Fisher waited in jail. Then Terry or John Reynolds raised the case to the House of Commons; the story hit the papers, lawsuits ended in diplomatic circles and two weeks later Fisher was freed.

More than 1.5 million Canadians will travel overseas this year. The vast majority will never experience an embassy moment. A few will have some minor difficulties and most to the Canadian embassy for help—and in almost all cases get it. But a small minority will end up in foreign prisons and when they do they can expect little help from Canadian embassies abroad. "There are lots of cases on what we can do," says Glen Skidmore, a diplomat who is now a special assistant to MacEwen. "We can inform their relatives if they wish, we can make sure they have the opportunity to have a lawyer, we can make sure they aren't discriminated against in comparison with local citizens. But we can't go into the jail and get them out. We can't interfere with a foreign judicial system."

John Reynolds is still convinced the Canadian government can—and should—do much more. "It's a bloody gutless policy," Reynolds says. "It's very nice for the busy bureaucrats to say they're doing everything they can—they're in jail." Reynolds says he thinks it is long overdue for the government to "do more" and there are other cases like Victor Fisher's," he says. "The same thing keeps happening year after year. It's only a question of finding them." There should be no sharing of information, there are at least 200 Canadians known to be in foreign prisons at this moment.

WILLIAM SHAFER



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# Mister No

Everybody talks about government spending, but Jean Chrétien is doing something about it

By Glen Allen

Jean Chrétien, president of the Treasury Board, then keeper of the nation's purse, personal himself a double. He had just visited the hub of Richard Mulrooney, publisher of the Toronto *Globe and Mail* and a former Liberal MP, a conservative and the very type of Canadian journalist, had delivered a speech to the Canadian Club, a prestigious forum against government spending. He said it was time to slash the tax in Ottawa. On February 24 the *Globe* repeated the speech under the heading, "A case of tragic mismanagement." Though his name was not even mentioned, Chrétien ordered his staff to study a reply. Mulrooney's volley would not go unanswered. Chrétien's long, dry, point-by-point defense of Liberal fiscal policies was sent to the *Globe* on March 21. Weeks went by and nothing happened, so a copy of the letter was sent to Claude Ryan's *Le Devoir* in Montreal. Ryan, no friend of the *Globe* these days, printed it but a few sentences of it. The headline blared across the full width of a page: "A letter the *Globe* and *Macleod* will ignore." The very next morning the *Globe* and *Macleod* printed the letter from the *Globe* and *Macleod* and Chrétien—the fastest print in the East—had won another round. It is becoming a habit.

Jean Chrétien came to Ottawa 11 years ago, before Francis Power was even heard of, before Pierre Trudeau, before Jean Macdonald—and he will probably be there long after they are gone. He is a careerist. He has served political parties in the sixty-forties, the Liberal benches were rampant with scandal, and nearly everyone in trouble had a French name. He renounced his political career (Michael Stempel). He screwed his looks (think of a self-hatred). He married his secretary, Quebec background, one that put him in trouble (jeopardy) as he moved to the Ontario-St. Joy Quebec Liberal establishment and, by definition, a figure of ridicule, if not then too, to many English Canadians. He survives as vice-minister of Indian Affairs when there had been seven ministers in the seven years before him. Somehow, perhaps alone among francophone ministers, he has survived the bloodlust of the English-Canadian, who are almost embarrassingly furious in their

apprehension. Sixty-one of the dozen senior civil servants in the Treasury Board. Sixty-one, indeed, has an angry adversary in the press. He seems to be surviving in various posts, as president of the Treasury Board, which is only slightly less perilous than being Solicitor General where the country wants to hang. And he came out whole after the last a judge after in March. One minister (André Ouellet) looked worried, another (Bil Dwyer) looked like a third (Maurice Lalonde) as the very last over-zealous, but Chrétien—he was the man to justify his integrity of light like a well-known to protect it (think Judge Kennedy Mackay and the *Globe* and *Macleod* attacked allegations that he had acted improperly).

Joseph-Jacques Jean Chrétien was born in January, 1924, in a community on the outskirts of his own town, then called Hébertville (for the village who built both the town and the pulp mill below it). Chrétien was born a Liberal. His father, William, a mill machinist, was a Liberal. His grandfather was a Liberal. Chrétien's Liberalism is no drab, unexciting, it carries the reputation of a Liberal (English) name. "I was just a kid when I met Duplessis, and he said to me, 'Arrr! You're the grandson of François Chrétien!'" said I was, and Duplessis said, "Well you're a golden Liberal! 'Christ de France!'" Chrétien says he first got thinking about politics when he was 16, though a brother, Guy, now a Shewanigan pharmacist, remembers Jean at 14 looked as loud debate in the town position with Duplessis supporters two and three times his age. As a student at the moment, Three Rivers he was wrong in the sciences and weak in deportment. "I got through four times," says Chrétien. "My father told me there had to be a black sheep in every family and I was it. But my maternal is good Liberal. When he was 18 he was acquiring his 16-year-old wife-to-be, Anne Chénier, a Liberal marriage, and at 22 he was a dual Liberal organizer in the 1956 provincial election. After Lovell (president of the Liberal student group, and now vice-president of the Liberal University professors) he and three other lawyers founded a law firm in Shewanigan. Their office was above the new St. Jean's bank, the grandest building in town, and Chrétien says he did well. But he was just one more member of the town. The only question was, "Should I go provincial or federal?" The provincial legislature seemed more exciting. Jean LePage

was leading his "Quiet Revolution," and Chrétien's townsmen felt much closer to Quebec City than to Ottawa. Besides he spoke about first words of English in French, says they were "Hello," "Good-bye," "Yes," and one that was to become important in his lexicon: "No." But federal politics was "Yes minister! Maximal Change!" He had been kicked out of the federal civil service for expressing his views. There was a lot of mischief over that," explains Chrétien, especially in a town like Shewanigan, where in one year every political manager, indeed anyone with any money, was English. "I didn't agree with Chapin's views, but I found myself on his side, and I was mad. But at one point one of my friends who had spent some time in English Canada told me, 'You talk about the English like that, and you don't know a thing about them. He was wrong! I was wrong—mad! I thought about it again that afternoon when I was driving back from Trois Rivières in my car, and he was right.' Driven it was.

Chrétien's Liberal nomination in St. Maurice, LaSalle in 1963, and won the seat from the Conservative who just the year before had won by 9,000 votes in Ottawa as found himself sitting off as a back counter with some other men in young and college in himself. Gerry Bogan (representative of Nova Scotia), Ross Boddie (now Justice Minister) and Rick Cullen of Newfoundland. At his first caucus meeting Chrétien was handed a questionnaire. The Prime Minister was asking all backbenchers what their interests were. Chrétien put down "Justice." He didn't know a thing about Justice, but fortunately an English link put in memories like Public Works, and the Third Office was French. But he was French, and he was such an interest ("I thought at least I'd learn something"), and Pearson promptly put him on the Justice committee.

In 1964 there was a provincial by-election in Miramichi, and René Lévesque, then the Liberal government minister in charge of finding candidates for the Quebec Liberal Party, met with Chrétien. He asked him to give up his Ottawa residence according to law, and Chrétien said there wouldn't even be a central government in five years (Lévesque, now premier of Quebec, was just a backbench, as a Chrétien a "scurvy" if that is what he remembers.) "For a minister of a federalist Liberal Party to say that was in-

Chrétien: the office is a reflection of the man, furnished for less than \$2000



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...that's why I've been so successful," says Christian. Some of his 19 opponents urged him to risk provincially but after meeting with Pearson he decided against it.

Christian was made Pearson's parliamentary secretary in 1962, and six months later he became parliamentary secretary to then minister of finance Mitchell Sharp. In 1967, the same day a Montreal professor named Pierre Trudeau was named minister of justice, Christian earned the cabinet as a minister without portfolio. Eight months later he was minister of national revenue, and then in 1968 minister of Indian affairs and northern development, where he was handed a ticking bomb. The department's administration had been hard at work on a new policy for the Indians, one they called on "land to sport-land." But the Indians labelled it "Indian genocide" and, until it was finally abandoned, Christian was forced to defend it across the country. In 1974 he was named President of the Treasury, the central planning agency that regulates government spending. Ministers of finance would have been better, but he won the Treasury Board, too. A highly reliable source says that Christian was thinking of the job when he asked for the board's vice-chairmanship in 1970, just days after a had been given to Eric Korman (the job was taken from Korman and given to Christian).

All the time he scored the country, making lively attacks on the English for their attitudes toward the French, on the French for their feelings toward the English, and once in awhile on "the Toronto-Montreal professional northerners." As a collector he had a hoard of international handkerchiefs, and indeed he was a gardener. He could count on no less a figure than Conservative leader René Lévesque, the best parliamentarian in Quebec, to come and lobby to reclaim the mining, which he nearly did in 1968 with no previous mining-related experience. "He was a 'Honnête homme', a decent sortiment—*est pas Christian*!" But keeping his deeply conservative count, Christian kept growing closer to Pearson as the years went by. Christian was in Parliament when H.Q. Cousselle died (even showed up at the last election).

The cartoon with Jean Chrétien goes badly. He seems distressed and somehow impotent. Every now and then he lets an aphorism in the direction of one or two executive assistants sitting in an office howling it is going to go on. And he would rather speak English than French to the English reporter. He says all that is wrong with his English is that he puts the accent on the wrong syllable (putting the accent on the wrong syllable of "syllable"). It's true, his English has improved—see House Leader Stanley Knowles calls him "a sharp debater" on the language—but it's still bad. His French, on the other hand, is rich and colloquial, marked by a trace of that recent popularity to the Montreal district—a professor of brevity in and con-



## "...all of Europe in one tidy country."

Howard Austin of Toronto will be taking his family over to Portugal again this year.

"We always rent a villa in the Algarve for at least a month in the late summer or early fall—it's just like a second home to the kids. Of course Polly has her beloved horses (our friend—he owns an excellent restaurant in Alentejo—taught her to ride when she was only 6) and Jan just disappears in to the sea."



and surfaces only for meals! Tourist golf there—there is all over Portugal, of course —and Sandra manages to get me to a Discotheque at least a couple of times while we're there usually when we drive up to Lisbon. Actually, I prefer

those little restaurants where they sing the "Fado"—it'll break your heart. (Sandra says it's just the post-making me sentimental —to put it politely) But I'll tell you what won't break your heart —the low prices! A full-course, superb meal—plus the port! —only costs about 400 escudos for two, (\$15.00 Canadian).

Things about Portugal is, you get just about everything within reach. History—from Roman, even Greek ruins to Moslem castles to cathedrals —it's all so close that I'll knock your eye out. Festivals—I went on average, there's one about every third day, all really colorful. Mountains, pinewoods, vineyards, villages where nothing much has changed for 800 years. All close. Easy to get to—the roads are first rate. It's like they got all of Europe squeezed in one tidy country.

Politics? Well, sure, but the Portuguese keep it to themselves—it didn't involve us visitors. Only shock we got was an air raid when we were in the middle of the night in a little fishing village we were staying at. Turned out the fish had arrived at the canning factory—and it was time for the workers

to get on the job! Hard to say what we like best about Portugal. Almost Always? The flowers? Polly says the



hale owls—all over the place, day and night, very solemn and proper. I guess it's the people themselves, they're friendly and down-to-earth, and rock-bottom honest. It's just a great place to keep coming back to."

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## PORTUGAL The come again country.





## IN INDIAN AFFAIRS HE WAS MORE OFTEN THAN NOT A VICTIM OF HIS BUREAUCRATS

wasn't dropping faster than the leaves in autumn. There's a chocolate tray on the floor of Chretien's big first-floor Commons office. At one end sits a desk without a shred of paper on it, at the other a twenty sofa and two chairs and a case full of Bakelite sculpture under glass. On one wall is a photograph of the wife of Prime Minister

Pierre Trudeau's dead wife, "with condolence" by the fire and on another a warning: *Extreme Caution*. Some museum agent \$10,000 or even \$100,000 on similar offices, but the decoration gives this one no more than a look and a promise—these furnishings cost the taxpayer only \$1,939. The only thing to look at, anyway, is Chretien's face. It is endlessly interesting. The sleepy eyelids almost shut, the nose, the eyes, staring down into shadow. The angles and contours of the complicated nose would defy a painter. There's a slight tilt to the left side of the mouth—something, inside friend, that once belittled him enough to seek therapy for

it. It is by far the most interesting face in the cabinet. The French would make a movie star of this face, that is not Willie Pop, after all, but Jean-Paul Belmondo. Two days before, Chretien had been in Wetland, Ont., pushing bilinguism, and the next week he was off to Blenheim, Prince to speak on the twenty sixth annual meeting of the Franco-Canada Association where, according to a dispatch from *Agence France-Press*, he told France to send more immigrants to Canada and give away some Eskimo art. But now he has a few minutes, and talks first—a little wistfully—about his time in Indian Affairs, "my most productive years."

"There were all kinds of stories that the Indians of Canada were second-class citizens, that they were victims of legal discrimination. But I said, 'Okay, you don't like the Indian Act, then we'll scrap it.' My whole paper was crystal, of course, but now if they have reserve land it's because they want it. If they have the Indian Act it's because they want it. It brought the thing out in the open." Chretien calls it "my white paper" and, true enough, he had some hand in putting it together. But his Indians said (as they have about every Indian affairs minister except Robert Andrus) that Chretien was a puppet to the heads of his bureaucrats. "None of this was new with Chretien," says Harold Cardinal, president of the Alliance Indienne Association and one of the principal spokesmen for the Indian cause. "He was a professional politician who did his work well. I don't think he ever knew what we were talking about. But at least he made his intentions clear."

Chretien badly needed a motherhead in the way of Indian Affairs, and he found it in national parks. In his six years as minister he increased the number of federal parks from 18 to 26, including, for the first time, two parks in Quebec, one just a long flip of a coin away from his home town. In the 35 years before Chretien, Parks Canada had grown by only six parks. But then, too, returning on Chretien, who is still lobbying for a third park along Quebec's Saguenay River, even though he's long gone from the ministry. The whole nation of federal parks in Quebec offends many younger Quebecers, who see their history as a succession of colonizations by the English, English Canadians, Americans, and now, if they can believe what they see, by French-Canadian federalists.

"Look," he says, smiling content in the air. "I believe in national parks. Respectful phone lines to be put inside. Never before were there national parks in Quebec. Everyone told Alvin Shalton told, Jean Lesage told and Arthur LeMay told. I may have stepped on a few toes, but I think there's a lot of us in all this. They [the Quebecers] may not feel it's burning them. If the federal government does something good, it's bad for them. So much the better. I'm a believer. I believe people want to benefit from all the services

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NOBODY HAD TO  
ASK HIM IF HE'D  
EVER CALLED  
A JUDGE. HE HAD  
AND HE SAID SO

over a road contract award for his riding's  
municipal park. A pretty little weekly no real  
quarter-price found out that a Quebec  
City-area bidder had made the lowest bid  
but that the contract had been given to a

Shawmut contractor whose bid was  
\$3,000 higher. Chabon smiled a bit but  
then told Marmorek's *La Presse*: "In all  
honesty I can say I would prefer that the  
contract go to a fellow in my own riding."  
What do you say after you say you're not  
sorry?

But if it's "yes" and "yes" again to his  
lucky constituents it's "no" for everybody  
else. As president of the Treasury Board,  
Chabon works in tandem with Finance  
Minister Donald Macdonald, a man  
whom according to associates Chabon  
both likes and respects. If Macdonald  
plans the great sweep of Canada's eco-

nomic policies, it is Chabon who plays the  
heavy, fortified gun. Chabon must hold the  
line on federal spending now that it is lim-  
iting wages and prices, and it is Chabon, in  
charge of spending close to \$40 billion a  
year, who must do it.

But holding back government spending  
is like Chabon holding back the waves.  
Spending is still up 10% over last year. It is  
still outstripping the rise in the Gross Na-  
tional Product. It has gone up by 20% in  
10 years. And, according to a 200-page  
supplement of the Auditor General's most  
recent report, Ottawa is barely in control.  
The report's main conclusion is devastat-  
ing, in a quiet sort of way: the federal  
government's financial control systems  
"are significantly below acceptable stand-  
ards." And there is only so much that can  
be done. Close to two thirds of spending is  
unavoidable, or what the Treasury Board  
calls "uncontrollable." These are things  
like old age pensions, veterans' pen-  
sions, unemployment insurance, medicare and  
other fixed transfer payments to the provin-  
ces. In the fiscal year 1976-77 they  
amounted to \$18.5 billion of a total budget  
of \$32 billion. The Treasury Board can cut  
spending only on what's left. But is de-  
fense spending, foreign aid and-by far the  
biggest "controllable" sum—subject to  
civil service?

The federal civil service is the single  
largest work force in the country, with  
more than 300,000 employees (not count-  
ing the many on public commissions). It  
keeps getting bigger, because life gets  
more complicated, because there are more  
things for inspectors to inspect out there—  
because, as Chabon puts it, "There are  
more Canadians sending in tax forms."  
Chabon's power, on paper at least, is over-  
sized. He decides how much money these  
people make, when they leave their jobs  
or go home to their 300,000 households  
or wind up out millionaires. He decides  
everybody from how much to pay a civil  
servant who uses his motorcycle on public  
business (half the mile for cars, or 8.7 cents  
per mile) to the use of the full allowance  
for a businessman working at the high Arctic  
(\$5,100 if he's married, half if he's not).

Chabon defends the civil service at  
every opportunity and says one of the  
greatest myths in Canadian society is that  
civil servants do less for more money than  
other Canadians workers. "My own deputy  
minister—a man who has to supervise the  
spending of \$42 billion and make sure it's  
well-administered—is making less than  
\$60,000. Is business he'd be making a  
bundle." But the civil service is a state  
within a state, with a life of its own. (The  
Library of Parliament once sued a civil servant  
and the successor, General Dwight D. Eisenhower. "He'll be there and say, 'Do this,'  
and 'Do that,' and nothing will happen.  
Poor like, it won't be at all like the Army.")  
And when the government's top officials  
diverted per cent the business the slow-  
down will be out to remember. Survivors  
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# The shy pornographers

How a couple of American smut merchants, dodging behind front men and paper companies, tried to add Canada to their empires

By Doug Payne

Wherever else it is, pornography is considered *filthy*. Few of us are squeamish to admit. Lately, it's become the rage among sociologists, psychologists and academics of all persuasions to tell us why we love or hate it. It's a form of repressed violence, an escape from our repressed violence, a celebration of the female sex, a rejection or pleasure. To some it's an, in other words, an indicator of the decline of Western civilization, or the way toward a healthier, or more liberated twentieth century. But pornography is more than a subject for academic disquisitions. As writer Doug Payne points out, it's a big business that's challenging much more than our morals. On behalf of the C.I.C., Payne has been investigating pornography and organized crime in Canada for the past two years and has come up with a detailed examination of how the business of pornography really operates. Here is his report.

Harry Vergil Mohney is a pornographer. Beginning in March, 1974, he spent more than \$300,000 trying to sell Canada to an empire that already spanned Michigan, Illinois, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa and Ohio. He began in Ontario, using the same operational plan he had used in the United States, where, from his headquarters in Durham, N.C., he set up such companies as American News, Variety Books, American Amusement, Cinema X, Auto City News and Secret News Distribution.

Robert Stroman is also a pornographer, but he, too, is an American. Stroman works his empire out of a fortress-like warehouse in a run-down light industrial area of Cleveland. From there he controls almost a dozen enterprises including Sonoma News and a couple of anonymous selling companies in Ohio and Nevada. During the early 1970s, Stroman took over Canada's first homegrown pornographic empire. Mohney and Stroman have something else in common: they each have business ties with organized crime.

Pornography is legal in many areas of the United States. As moral barriers were toppled in the sixties and the late 1960s and early 1970s, it became big business. A natural spin-off from that other form of sex-for-profit, prostitution, it was taken over by the people who already controlled the U.S. sex business: the Mafia. The major distributors of pornographic materials in the eastern and mid-western United States

are located in New York City. Star Distribution, at 150 Lafayette Street, is the biggest, along with its subsidiaries, Star Republic, Star Media and Model Distribution. They are all operated by the Colombo family, one of New York's so-called "five mob families." They share a part of the trade with the DeConeviches of New Jersey, but through their chief lieutenant, Robert De

Bernardo, the Colombos handle most of the pornography sold by mob such as Mohney and Stroman. Organized crime is heavily involved in every aspect of the business: financing, publishing, printing, distribution and collection. Much of it they run like very other companies, but occasionally the Mob lapses into older ways of doing things, including murder.



Before Stroman inherited Time Square Books on the Times Square Strip, it was indigenously Canadian. A few other independents, like (above) 2500 and The French Connection (below), are still flourishing.



After the new thing is the porno business in Toronto. "Hard-core" films. Where the Mafia wanted get the rights to a film legitimately, they will often pirate it, making and distributing their own prints. The printing of porno films is handled by, among others, Michael Zaffarano, a captain in the Joe Bonanno family, and by Joseph Gentile and Joseph and Anthony Ferraro, who have ties with the Colombos.

According to the U.S. Presidential Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, the merchandising of smut grossed about \$300 million a year in the United States. That's hard-core. The figure would be closer to \$600 million, taking soft-core pornography into consideration as well. (Soft-core pornography is material in which sexual acts are indicated—on towels, or which there are graphic depictions but no pictures, and in magazines, in which the pictures do not show the genitals. Hard-core pornography starts where soft-core stops—and goes on from there.) Since hard-core pornography isn't legal in Canada, video figures here cannot be compared with any degree of accuracy. Estimates vary from source to source, even among the police. Some put the figure as low as two million dollars a year, others put it as high as \$10 million. Soft-core pornography material is available on movie and Canadian stores' telephone-wrapped magazines with titles such as *Big AM Smiley*, *Blind And Beautiful* or *Jenny*, which sell for about eight dollars. Pocketbooks such as *The Inner Depths* or *Slut Games* which sell for about two dollars. Publications such as these are handled by most major Canadian periodical distributors. Hard-core material is only available under the counter, but it is available in every major city and in many of the smaller cities across the country. Vancouver is a big market because of geography. It is close to the other major U.S. sexual center, California. Montreal is another major market, partly because of its long association with organized crime. Toronto is another, and it was to Toronto that Harry Mohney came.

Mohney is the boy wonder of American pornography. Newspapers in the United States call him the "Porn King." He is also known as Harry Kline and Harry Mahoney. Pornography made him a millionaire before he was 34. He has his own plane, a house and wife Agneta (she has also flown a blue-and-white Piper Cherokee and a Cessna). He changes cars frequently, one day driving a company Audi, the next a white-and-black Cadillac. He regards himself as something of a ladies' man (he left his wife in Detroit, Mich., to live with a woman in Lansing). He is generous and an outspoken foe of censorship laws. He runs a network of adult bookstores, mini-theaters, drive-in movies, body-mat parlors and movie houses. He has a unique blend of parlor and Lansing. He has been charged on numerous occasions with obscenity-related matters, but has never been convicted. He employs a

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## THE POLICE WOULD CLOSE THE SHOW, AND WITHIN HOURS IT WAS BUSINESS AS USUAL

history of lawyers, including Robert Eugene Smith, a constitutional expert with offices on Peachtree Street in Atlanta, Georgia, who attempt to keep police and reporters at arm's length. As Smith told a reporter recently: "Until such time as Mr. Mohrley is completely vindicated, he chooses not to have any discussions with members of the press either on or off the record. Anything he says might be misinterpreted by our zealous law enforcement officers against him." Smith claims Mohrley has been trying to extricate himself from the "adult" movie and book businesses in the United States, and it is true that his name rarely, if ever, appears on official documents in connection with any of his companies—but he still derives financial benefit from them, and indirectly he still runs them.

During the early part of 1974, Mohrley was looking for new markets for his book stores, which feature sexually explicit magazines, such as *Play*, *Meat* or *Road* *Orgy*, depicting sexual intercourse, masturbation, infanticide and autoeroticism between or among various people and, occa-



Peepe-rama: put another quarter in...

sionally, various animals. Mohrley's firms are the same. His operations people convinced him that Canada was the place to go. He agreed, and had locations opened in Toronto. He also hired a Toronto legal firm, Kennedy & Kennedy, to assist him. They were to set up a number of companies, to help get Mohrley people into Canada, and to keep Mohrley's involve-

ment concealed. Kennedy & Kennedy worked out of a converted house at 621 Sherbourne Street, next door to Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church. Peter Grant Kennedy, born in Anshelst, Nova Scotia, was called to the Ontario Bar on March 22, 1974, and started for a short time with a noted Toronto lawyer, Aubrey Golden, who then handled most of the govt.'s obscenity cases. Golden, however, was getting out of the field, and Peter Kennedy, then 26 years old, took quite a few of his clients with him when he went into practice. His partner was his wife, Tanya Kennedy, a year older and born in Yugoslavia.

The Kennedys began by setting up a number of companies, starting with 285524 Ontario Limited, which was a store called American Discount Books at 400 Bloor Street West. It featured "adult" books and, in a back room, a number of mini-cinema movie booths—phonebooth sized cubicles with a small screen on the back of the door, in which the customer watches a soft-core movie in two-minute, 25-cent installments. The Kennedys also incorporated 285890 Ontario Limited, a store called Shop d'Amour at 261 Yonge Street in the heart of Toronto's "Younge Street Strip." Shop d'Amour sold a dumpy line of sexy lingerie, although in real purpose was to hold what the Kennedys regarded as a prime location on the strip. It was so inadequately stocked that when the owner of the next-door body-art parlor in-

quired, he was told the shop couldn't outfit his girls. A third company, 286977 Ontario Limited, was incorporated to hold the Bayview Pharmacy, which Harry Grant Mohrley bought for \$350,000. One of the best small theatres in Toronto (it has 350 seats), it is located in an upstairs suite, middle-class district called Leaside. On the surface, the three businesses were unrelated. Peter Kennedy's partner was a young lawyer he didn't know who owed them. He said the principal was a firm named Imperial Films, whose director was Rudolph Kutzman. It was Kutzman, in any case, who signed the company's cheques.

And so it began, early in 1974. Kennedy & Kennedy wrote to the Department of Manpower and Immigration, seeking work permits for Charles Abrams, his "partner" Theresa Stewart, and his "son-in-law" George Kinkley of Dayton, Ohio. Abrams, who was described in the general manager of a proposed bookstore operation, was a former furniture salesman who faced charges in Hamilton, Ontario, Ohio, relating to that state's organized crime statutes, and for promoting prostitution at the National Health Club in Cincinnati. Theresa Stewart, also known as Patricia Lyn Stewart and Terry Durham, was named in that indictment as well, although charges against her were subsequently dropped. In July, 1974, she was 34 years old. Abrams was 41.

Under police pressure, sparked by neighborhood complaints, American Discount Books closed shortly after it opened. At about the same time, Shop d'Amour disappeared, literally overnight, and in its place sprang up "Cinema Blue," soon to become the showplace mini-theatre for dirty movies on the Yonge Street Strip. It was run by Abrams and Kinkley. There wasn't much to it. Two film projectors and a stereo cartridge system mounted on an old dining room sideboard, the films projected through holes knocked through a Sherbrooke purple into a ceiling-buried mirror screen. There were 65-odd seats, some taken from an old theatre, others just folding chairs. Cinema Blue began by showing a film entitled *Sex And Marriage*, which featured scenes of explicit sex, and Kinkley and Abrams were charged with showing an obscene film under Section 159 of the Criminal Code. After a month of *Sex And Marriage*, they started showing *Drop Dead Gorgeous*. Within five or 10 minutes of the start of each showing, Toronto municipality officers seized the print and the projector and laid charges against Abrams and Kinkley. Each print cost about \$50, each projector about \$145. Within a month, some 40 charges had been laid.

During the *Drop Dead Gorgeous* period, a new member of the Mohrley team arrived. His name was Sherman Stephens, Jr., and, again, Kennedy & Kennedy assisted him, only into Canada on a work permit. He, too, had worked at the National Health Club in Cincinnati. Within a month of his arrival, a "by-invitation-only" audience

gathered at the Playhouse Theatre to attend a Helen Abel and award showing of *Drop Dead Gorgeous*. Stephens and Stewart were all on hand with tickets in the opening. Again the police closed the show. Abrams returned to Cinema Blue, but when several more charges were laid against him he quietly returned to the United States—out of the reach of Canadian law enforcement agencies. Mohrley's squad officers found a sign on the door of Cinema Blue: "Morally, you won. We're broke." The theatre reopened under new management within a week, the new management being Sherman Stephens, Jr. "Steve," as he was called on the Strip, was a Southern boy with a weight problem. He loved to tell everyone that he was just making the place for his friend, the "owner" Stephens, started off showing borderline soft-core films at Cinema Blue, shipping in the occasional explicit scene. The police laid charges, as they had against Abrams, and continued seeing film and projections, but eventually a new show with a new film and a new projector would be underway within an hour or two. Occasionally Stephens showed a hard-core film: one featured a woman and a dog.

In February, 1975, the police went to the Playhouse Theatre, found a locked room on the basement, and seized the contents,

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# STURMAN SAW THAT CANADA WASN'T RIPE FOR HARD-CORE YET, BUT HE COULD WAIT...

Cinema, the name varied. In fact, Imperial Films, as it was known in Canada, had been set up by Mobley and one of his U.S. theatre operators, Dennis Leman, to front for the Canadian operation, and was funded in part by money skimmed from the Mobley body-car operation in Michigan. The money was brought into Canada and deposited in a Toronto bank, on most occasions by Leman himself. Mobley's name was Leman's apparent owner of best documents. There are no corporate records in the country for Imperial Films. Mobley moved his headquarters from Detroit, Mich., to Lansing after he retired as his Oak Street warehouse and offices during the summer of 1974. He is still rich in his summer, 1975. Prior and Tonya Kennedy posed a note on the door of their Toronto office saying they were going away for a short holiday. They slipped the country Canada-wide police warrants on outstanding for look of film. They are also wanted in connection with an alleged fraud of the Unemployment Insurance Commission prior to being caught, as well, in connection with the alleged theft of law



Olympe Becker: a genuine porno-original

books during his arduous days. The Kennedys are now traveling in Europe. Kenneth Sturman's operation in Canada has been more successful—he is still here—and very different from Harry Mobley's. Sturman, 52, is more businesslike, more low-key, more discreet. He operates in every of the same American states that Harry Mobley does, buying his pornography from the Colombos and distributing it through his conglomerate of book-

stores and movie houses. The even marks his own line of sexual rubber goods—dildos, etc.—under the brand name of "Doc Johnson." R's, as some of his thousands of employees call him, has two holding companies. Wilson and Co., operating out of Ohio, and the Buchanan Company of Nevada. His American holdings include Scripps News, Imperial News, Noble News, Magazine News, Royal News, Worldwide News, Bruceton News and Global Press. He allegedly has business ties, as well, with a European sex film company and with the Fox Publishing Company in Los Angeles. A number of Canadians are employed as corporate officers of Sturman's U.S. businesses because, being Canadian, they are out of the reach of U.S. authorities. Canadians living in Canada cannot be compelled to appear in an American court.

Reuben Sturman found a better way to move into Canada than Harry Mobley did. He simply took over the country's first indigenous pornography empire when its founder, facing obscenity charges, fled the country and left the business abandoned. In the late 1950s, a Toronto prostitute got the money for Gordon McAnlane to start a mail-order and retail book business. Located on Gerard Street East in Toronto, the store also featured a line of cheaply produced sex booklets and magazines. The business prospered, and McAnlane soon walked out on his partner, taking the profits with him. During the

1960s, he established Reuben Book Store, Times Square Books and Cosmos, Bookstore, Nambur News, North American News, Cosmos Books, Cosmopolitan, Viking, Elk Films and Olympia Books. McAnlane did business with companies as far afield as Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton and beyond. In 1970, a public debate raged in Toronto about censorship. McAnlane got involved by launching a write-in campaign to the newspapers in why Torontoites didn't need a morality squad, which had the predictable result of increasing police surveillance of his business. They kept after him until 1978 when, charged with obscenity, he took off to the Bahamas, where at last report he is leading a fallow-down, two-story bungalow called "Eleusium." (He is also said to have a house in Miami.)

McAnlane had been dealing with Reuben Sturman, and when he left the country Sturman moved in and took over. Nambur News, which is located at 31 Bessie Street in downtown Toronto, was purchased by a former McAnlane employee, Ross Wise. Reuben's Book Store, Times Square Books and Olympia Books, all on Yonge Street, and Bookstore Enterprises (1965) Ltd., also on Yonge Street, have been placed under the direction of Theodore Peloponnes, Sturman's chief agent in Canada and a senior corporate officer in some of Sturman's U.S. companies. Elk Films, at 10 Elm Street, just off the Yonge Street Strip, is really "Perpetua," a movie rental operation featuring 25-cent soft-core pornography films. The machines are supplied by another company in the Sturman fold, Cinematix Vending, which has licensed about 300 of them in Toronto and Ottawa alone. The director of Cinematix Vending is Rick Zilberman. Previously, the directors were shown in Kevin McIntyre of Lakeshore, Ont., Martin A. Goss of Toronto, Ray Sloan of East Sixty-fifth Street in Cleveland, and Charles Wilson, also of Cleveland. Wilson had also served as a corporate officer for Times Square Books, Cosmos and Frank Seidler, of Toronto, also appear as corporate officers for a number of Sturman's companies in the United States. All are in intimate association of Reuben Sturman. Sturman runs these companies from a warehouse on East Sixty-fifth Street in Cleveland. All the windows facing the street have been covered with a decorative wood sharding, but a number of viewing ports were built at the same time, allowing the people inside to look out onto the street. The doors are always locked and work on a remote, intercom and buzzer system.

At the base of Sturman's takeover of the McAnlane empire, hard-core pornography was still being sold under the counter. Sturman, realizing that the Canadian market wasn't yet ripe for hard-core porn, has been trying to put a stop to the practice and has been quite successful in his company's good standing with the police and customs officials. Although two

of the companies, Olympia and Bookstore Enterprises (Reuben's and Times Square), have just declared bankruptcy. He can afford to bide his time. But should a court decision or legislation change what is now deemed to be obscene, the Sturman organization would be ready to take advantage. The Supreme Court of Nova Scotia has it recently that the province did not have the authority to censor books, magazines or films. If that decision is upheld by the Supreme Court of Canada, where it will be appealed, the only law covering pornography will be the Criminal Code. Each of the relevant sections, however, requires a definition of what is obscene, and because Stur-

and vary from province to province, it is not such an straightforward of uncertainty that Mobley and Sturman built their empires in the United States.

There are five U.S. federal laws prohibiting the distribution of "obscene" material, and the government spends at least five million dollars a year enforcing them. But it is one of those laws of "obscenity" defined. The prevailing view in the Supreme Court, the lower federal courts and the courts of the states is that these criteria must be met: the dominant theme of the material in question, taken as a whole, must appeal to a "prurient" inter-

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and is not, the material must be "patently offensive" because it offends contemporary "community standards," and the material must lack "redemptive social value." Unfortunately, the Supreme Court has never settled the question of what is meant by the contemporary community—is it national, state or local? Nor has the court defined what it deems to be socially redeeming value. As a result, the working rule among pornography in the United States has become: publish (or sell) as fast and let the courts rule on it later. Not surprisingly, hard-core pornography is now as hot as almost every date, with challenges to the law are coming for the courts. Canada would come in as a similar situation if the Nova Scotia decision, or one like it, breaks down the barrier. In some Canadian jurisdictions court citations are jammed with obscenity cases already. In Toronto, for example, hundreds of charges are pending in connection with porn operations along the Yonge Street strip.

The Mulvey operation illustrates how difficult it is to deal with pornography in the courts. Despite hundreds of man-to-man

work by police in the city, provincial and federal levels, less than a handful of the 100-odd charges laid against the Mulvey group has ever been dealt with successfully. In the summer of 1974, when Steven Stephens, Jr. was first charged with exhibiting obscene material, he was represented by Peter Kennedy. Mulvey paid all the legal fees and fines for his employees, so they had no reason to be concerned about minor charges. Stephens appeared in court about a week after the charges were laid. On that occasion, it was determined that the charge should be proceeded with as the Crown wished to deal with it and when the accused could get counsel. Stephens appeared in court on several other occasions, sometimes on the original charge, sometimes on subsequent charges. Kennedy was absent for one such appearance, and a new date had to be set about two weeks later. When Kennedy was present, Stephens himself would be absent—as a result of illness—and the case would be put over again. Stephens was reporting daily to police headquarters, signing himself in present in the city on each visit. He would then go to Caesars Place, open for another day of business, and, as likely as not, be charged again. Finally, after three months, a date would be set—about a year later for trial, which would take another three months. If Stephens had stayed in the country, and then changed lawyers just before the trial date, another year would have

been granted to allow the new lawyer to familiarize himself with the case. Another three or four months would have elapsed before the trial could begin. Fully a year could go by before the trial started; the trial itself could go on for days or weeks, and appeals could take another two years after that. One case in Toronto, dealing with another of the adult movie house operators, started with a single charge five years ago. With an appeal pending, the case has yet to be disposed of, and further avenues of appeal are still open. In the meantime, the man has expanded his business portfolio.

The Toronto police did not close Harry Mulvey's Canadian operation. If he had chosen to fight, he could have reimported his companies, lined up new Canadian strip-tease officers, hired a new legal firm, and remained in Toronto. An Inspector Robert Searling, head of the Toronto monthly squad, noted at the time, the police seized more than 300 films and 100 projections. "To add up to a tremendous cost factor, but they just get new equipment and keep going. With that kind of money laid out, it's certainly not the average guy running an upstairs store. We don't think he's the end of it." Searling believes that further attempts will be made by American pornography to break into Canada as the U.S. courts begin to fight back. The street peddlers will be looking for new markets. Canada is the coast and the north. ☐



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# A little bit of hell

When the Irish revolution resumed 60 years ago, Yeats wrote: 'A terrible beauty is born.' But there is nothing beautiful about babies blasted from their mothers' wombs. By Hubert de Santana

In Fennagh, one of the six counties of Northern Ireland, a Catholic brother was found shot dead, impaled on meat hooks in his own refrigerator. He had been castrated; his testicles clamped onto his mouth.

In Belfast, the capital of Northern Ireland, a businessman was called to the city morgue to identify his secretary's body after he said her Catholic lover had been murdered by Protestants. She had been ripped open, a crosshairs jammed into the wound.

In County Tyrone two brothers and a sister were blown apart by a booby-trap bomb. The girl was eight months pregnant, but this was not known until some time later, when her unborn baby was dissected and several hundred feet away among the debris and wreckage of the explosion.

On Friday, May 11, 1904, three girls were trapped in Belfast, packed with explosives and dynamite inside a Dublin in the Irish Republic. They were held on Parnell Street, Talbot Street and South Lister Street. (After all, these streets are thought with commuters hurrying to railway stations for their trains.) A hospital, while walking across the glowing fields of Trinity College and another 100 yards away when, at 3.30 p.m., the car on South Lister Street exploded. Fires at the station the shock waves were staggering. An acid brown cloud of smoke drifted over the city. Robert Jameson, Lord of the Street, I was confronted by a night as not likely to forget. A young woman who had been sleeping the car when it blew up was killed instantly, smothered against a wall and cremated in a short of time. Across the street another woman lay dead. In nearby Lonsdale Lane an old man who lived in a huge pot of flowing blood both his legs blown off. He toppled as he fell as the blood spread eerily.

The car on Talbot Street exploded at five-fifty seven. Seven people were killed. The body of a man was taken from the window of a department store, faceless, his limbs crushed with those of a dead woman. Limbs and ribs were sent out about the area. There were burnt and mangled bits of blood everywhere. Scores of ragged lay sprawled grotesquely in the street, shouting for help. Twelve cars were wrecked.

The bomb on Parnell Street exploded at 5.30 p.m. Five people died instantly. A baby was blasted into the collar of a path. A

man's leg was blown away. So was half his skull, which lay bloody on the pavement, like a bowl of bone. One woman walked to a hospital and collapsed, a fragment of the exploded car lodged in her back. Then, in early 1904, the force of the bomb had stopped all the clocks in the area at exactly five-thirty.

That same evening a car-bomb exploded in Monaghan Town in the Irish Republic at 3 p.m. It had been placed in Church Square, the town's main shopping centre. Five people were killed and 16 were injured. The final tally for the day was 30 dead and several hundreds wounded and injured. All were Catholics.

This is the reality of contemporary Ireland, the complex nature of religion, race, history and politics reduced to the simplicity and immediacy of terror. There are no longer any clear lines in Northern Ireland, where rival paramilitary groups, Catholic and Protestant, each infatuated and unopposed by its own mythology have been locked in mortal combat for so long years.

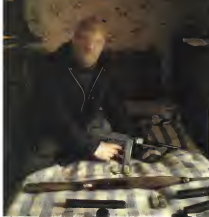
To understand the future and understand the past, to know the depth of what is Northern Ireland, we have to examine Ireland's turbulent history. When we speak of Ireland's troubles as a religious quarrel, it is important to qualify the term "religion." For in Ireland it has a special connotation. The English took control of Ireland in 1601, following the defeat of the last of the Catholic lords, the great Hugh O'Neill. His lands and those of the other Catholic noblemen were confiscated and turned over to Protestant immigrants from England and Scotland. The Protestants held the land and were loyal to the Crown, the dispossessed Catholics were loyal to the Pope. Right from Elizabethan and Jacobean times, then, religion, politics and economic status were inextricably intertwined, and polarized the controversy as drastically as two parties in a force field. The historical mistakes that followed are easily remembered: there was a massacre of Protestants by Catholics in 1641, the unsuccessful "Revolution" of Catholics by Cromwell in 1689, the siege of Protestant Derry by Catholic forces and its relief by Protestant forces in 1689, and the final victory of the Protestant cause in 1690 when the deposed English King James II was defeated by the Dutch monarch William of Orange in the Boyne, in whose blood-

waters Catholic hopes were drowned. The Boyne was a victory won by an English king over an Irish one, but of a Protestant king over a Catholic one. By 1700 Catholics owned only one seventh of the land in Ireland and the harsh penal laws—which forbade Catholics to own land, receive education, take part in political life or practise their religion—ensured its share of Protestant Ascendancy. This situation was not lost for more than a hundred years.

In 1798 the Protestant Theobald Wolfe Tone seeking to overthrow the privileged order in Ireland through a union of Catholics and dissenters, formed the Society of United Irishmen, whose members, already inspired by the French Revolution, pledged "never to desert in our efforts until we have subverted the authority of England over our country and asserted our independence." The movement failed, but another Wolfe Tone was his cause as forgotten. His grave at Booterstown is a holy place of pilgrimage for the Irish Republican Army. Tone's cause is their cause.

In 1800 William Pitt's Act of Union abolished the Irish Parliament and integrated Ireland into the United Kingdom. By this time Belfast, riding the wings of the Industrial Revolution, developed into a great city, with linen, and later, shipbuilding, providing the basis for its wealth. Its industrial prosperity attracted immigrants, Protestants from England, both Catholics and Protestants from rural Ireland—which served only to heighten sectarian animosity. In the 1840s a potato blight caused Ireland's worst disaster. The Great Famine of 1845-49. Those hardest hit were Catholics, subsistence farmers whose staple diet was the potato. One million people died of hunger and related causes, and another million emigrated to America, crossing the Atlantic in belated "coffin ships," straining the wars with Irish dead during the long, agonizing journey. That same emigration was to have far-reaching consequences, as some disaffected Englishmen foresaw. On August 25, 1848 John Bright warned the House of Commons that Ireland, driven from their own land by degradation, poverty and famine, had emigrated, and "in whatever quarter of the world its Irishmen are to

Stocking-mounted IRA gunman, imprisoned British parliamentarian and everyday street scenes in Belfast and Londonderry since 1968, nearly 1,500 dead, 14,000 hurt









grided as infidel, there allegiance divided between the Roman Church and the Dublin government, marked the movement for an attack on the site of Ulster itself. These persons were actually explained by a malign and insatiable Protestant clergyman, the Kyle Parish. A complex man, intelligent, charming, a free thinker and an able Member of Parliament, Purcell is also an obscure religious bigot who more than any other man, bears the responsibility for fanning the poisoned chalice and passing it around the banquet table.

It was Purcell's hate-filled diatribes that incited Protestant mobs to attack Catholic civil rights marchers in August, 1969. As the Catholic phalanx of Ulster erupted, the mob began to scream and scuffle. The trouble had caught its measure, at a time when the organization was all but extinct. It was too weak to offer any effective resistance to the combined forces of the Protestants and the police, so the Catholics appealed to the British government for help, and troops were flown into Derry and Belfast. Initially, the beleaguered Catholics looked upon the soldiers as a bulwark against the wrath of the Protestants, but the behavior of the troops soon convinced

them that they had misjudged their faith. Army atrocities in Catholic areas were carried out frequently and with maximum harassment. Protestant houses were searched perfunctorily, if at all, though it was well known that Protestant areas crisscrossed for centuries by the Catholics. The army eventually found itself "pursuing a hostile minority, though it must be said that its presence has had a restraining effect on the Protestants: today one Catholic is killed every three days; it is reliably estimated that more than for the army's presence the figure might be 30 a day.

Catholic resistance was brought to a climax on January 30, 1972—Bloody Sunday. Thousands of people had gathered in Derry to take part in an anti-internment demonstration, although marches had been officially banned. The day was bright and sunny and the crowd was in a gay and festive mood. Twenty-one homicides of innocent and unarmed were had been erected to impede the marchers, and it was at these barricades that fighting broke out. British troops were pelted with rocks, they replied with a massive bombardment of gas, gas, rubber bullets and streams of purple dye from a water cannon. Suddenly, members of the First Paratroop Battalion took advantage of the confusion and commenced firing. They kept on shooting for 20 minutes. When it was over, 33 men lay dead (many shot in the back) and 15 more were wounded. The city coroner described the killings as

"clear and unadmitted murder." The British government appointed a Tribunal of Inquiry, consisting of one man, Lord Widgery, the Lord Chief Justice. Tens of thousands, the Widgery report largely exonerated the troops, who claimed that they had acted in "self-defense."

Bloody Sunday evoked a national change of mood in Ireland. Irish scholar-diplomat Conor Cruise O'Brien described the reaction as "a great wave of emotion, compounded of grief, shock and a sort of astonished incredulous rage." On the night of February 2 a huge crowd, which included members of the IRA—gathered at the British Embassy in Dublin and set fire to the building, feeding the flames with wooden coffins marked with the symbolic number 13. After Bloody Sunday support for the IRA soared, even among moderate Catholics.

Bloody Sunday was a deathblow to the Ulster government. On March 24, Britain suspended the Parliament at Stormont and brought Ulster under direct rule. The province had had three Prime Ministers in four years. O'Neill, Chichester-Clark and Faulkner. Now it was ruled from Westminster. Ulster's politicians were resigned to failure.

Ten years ago Belfast was a prosperous Victorian industrial city. Today it is unrecognizable, an armed garrison where British army troops in battle dress and flak jackets men checkpoints and guard steel-and-concrete barriers. They search pedestrians and go through their shopping bags; they patrol the Catholic and Protestant ghettos in armored cars or on foot, guns at the ready. (No policeman will enter the ghetto unless he is escorted by the army.) Many of the buildings look like ruins of a smashed-at-war. In the "peace zones" of central Belfast, no car may be left empty at least one person has to remain in a parked car as proof that it is not a car-bomb. If an empty car is parked in the city center, it is quickly towed up by the army at what is known as a "controlled explosion." Walking the streets, you feel peculiarly exposed and vulnerable, as though you knew you were being watched through a sniper's sights.

And yet the ordinary people of Belfast have put up with these conditions for nearly eight years—longer than the duration of World War II. For them, peace would bring freedoms which Canadians like for granted. Freedom is which television is a room with uncurtained windows without providing a sniper with a target. Freedom to stop at a traffic light without worry that the car alongside you may contain a gunman ready to blast you en-sternity. Freedom to answer the doorbell without fearing that your visitor may be a killer who will provide you with your last look at life—the black muzzle of a Magnum 357. Freedom to meet with friends and have a drink in a pub without being blown up. Last year there were 628

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Street parties in Belfast against a cloud of GB jewelry gas, an English soldier's left for "Northern Ireland Forces," and not handling in Belfast: The lefted army goes, civil war is near-invisible





seized residences in Belfast by mid-morning, by the end of the year, the Royal Ulster Constabulary had charged 119 persons with murder, 85 with conspiracy to commit murder, 459 with firearms offences, 98 with explosives offences, and 411 with other crimes, such as hijacking. Protestors risked operating in hotels, taxi, massage parlors and corner shops. Since half the public houses in Belfast have been blown up, illegal drinking dens called "shebeens" have taken their place. These money-making activities are controlled by the IRA in the Catholic areas, and by their Protestant counterparts, the Ulster Defence Association and the Ulster Volunteer Force, in the Protestant areas. It is estimated that these organisations cost some £20,000 a week in profits.

In January, 1970 the IRA had split into two wings, the "Official" IRA and the more militant and Jewishish "Provisional" IRA. The Provisional IRA is the most formidable guerrilla organization in the western hemisphere. Its membership probably runs into the hundreds, its sympathizers into the thousands, but it is unlikely that the actual gunman number more than 200. They are

Attention for the dead and wounded after bomb explosions in Dublin and Belfast, and the grave sight of an IRA soldier, her Catholics bloodily beaten in a British internment camp: 800 years of mutual hate

concentrated in and around Belfast, Derry and South Antrim, with a large unit in the Irish Republic as well. The Provisional IRA's support comes from Irish-Americans and from Colonel Quigley of Libya. Their arms come mainly from America, Libya, Eastern Europe and Japan. Their favorite weapons is the Japanese Automatic, a high velocity rifle that weighs only seven pounds and can be dismantled to fit under a cushion or into an attaché case. They also have pistols, mortars, and at least 250 Magnum .357 handguns. The IRA claims that most of their soldiers received their training during former service in the British army and their best bomb makers were taught their deadly skills in the Special Air Services the army's elite counterterrorist branch.

The IRA operates on many levels. The command structure is made up of dedicated Republicans committed to finishing the work begun by Parnell 60 years ago. All must without exception they are devout, churchgoing Catholics, they are abstemious, disciplined and live by a political ideology, unable to see that the vague socialist utopia they propose for Ireland is only racism in disguise. At the next level, there are those who see themselves as defenders of the Catholics in Northern Ireland. These then are those who are in the IRA purely for the financial profit and who are not usually faithful about the origins of their funds. At the lowest level are the

begot and the social mafia, the dangerous thugs and different psychopaths, even those who murder for the sake of the IRA cause, but who stand out as an excuse for their cowardice and antisocial impulses. The IRA is plagued by numerous feuds of the sort this goes on between the families of Martin McGuinness and the Provos and the fledgling Irish Republican Socialist Party fight each other as brutally and often as they do the British Army or the Protestants.

In Belfast I managed to get an interview with a Provisional IRA man in an unheated garage, the window smeared with newspaper. There were guards on every landing of the room, but we were not disturbed during our long conversation. He was an engaging man, with a youthful, handsome face, a Greek complexion, prematurely white hair and blue, wistful eyes. Echoing Parnell's words ("Ireland will be that never be at peace"), the Provo said that so long as one British soldier remained on Irish soil, the IRA would not lay down its arms. He said that he had seen a declaration of intent to withdraw from Ireland. What if the British refused? The color drained from his face, and his eyes became as cold and grey as steel. "They've occupied our country for 800 years," he said with clenched anger. "In the next 30 years there have been seven armed rebellions, where will the bastards get the message? This is the last battle, a fight to the finish. We'll win because we've nothing more to lose. We passed, and they went on our calendar now. I'm an old man now. I've seen the inside of many a jail, I have been tortured and tortured. You can cage men and break their bones, but you cannot break the heart of Ireland. It'll don't see my dream realized in my lifetime, there's a new generation that will see it come true." I asked him how he could reconcile his idealism with the sordid horrors of the IRA campaign, or with the riotous barbarism of their rules of "discipline," the terroring and flogging of young girls for conversing with "enemies within," the execution or kidnapping of informers. (The latter practice has evolved from the old Irish custom of cutting hanging, depending on the scale of the crime, a man may be walking again in a few weeks, or he may be unrippled for life.) The Provo admitted that these things were horrible but sometimes necessary. He mentioned that the killing of cowboys was also innocent, but unavoidable. And then, with a breathtaking twist of logic, he said, "It's the British who are responsible for every Irish death, because if it hadn't been for their policy of occupation, England and Ireland would not be at war." He added grudgingly that IRA strategy had now shifted. They were going to elect their campaign to mislead Britain and intensify the bombing until the pressure of Irish public opinion forced the government to withdraw its troops from Ireland. It passed out that if the troops withdrew, it would leave the field clear for the Protes-

tants to carry out a fearful program against the Catholics. What would the IRA do then? He would fight them," he said simply.

The Provisional paramilitaries, who rarely outnumber the IRA, constitute the greatest single threat to a peaceful settlement of the trouble in Northern Ireland. (The activities described at the beginning of this article were all perpetrated by Provisional currents.) The Ulster Defence Association and the Ulster Volunteer Force have no tradition behind them, they were formed for a limited purpose, to fight the IRA and maintain the Protestant Loyalist Ascendancy by force. One of the main Provisional paramilitary groups (not including the UVF) have banded together under an Ulster Army Council, which seeks to forge a unity of 50,000 men in the IRA and the related voluntary corps in Northern Ireland. If such a coup took place, it is obvious that the police force would go with the Loyalists. The British army if it were not armed, would do nothing.

The Provisional IRA's militancy, too, has its problems. Infiltration has decimated their leadership. Tommy Herron, IRA vice-chairman, was shot dead in September, 1973. His brother-in-law, Michael Wilson, was shot in his head. Eamonn "Duke" Wilson, one of the IRA's top lieutenants, had his head blown open with a shotgun on a pub brawl in December, 1972. In March, 1976, Seamus Smyth, a former IRA chairman, was murdered. As he lay with his legs shattered by bullets, one of the gunmen who had attacked him walked up and took a long, cold aim, shot him in the eye. The IRA and the UVF have adopted kidnapping as a "disciplinary" measure. They also have their "younger rooms," where members of the organization who have offended its code are beaten and tortured to death.

There is no doubt that both the British public and the British government would dearly love to rid themselves of the Ulster scumblers. The only weapon left to Britain now, faced as she is with a Loyalist population on which it personally depends, is a few sharp tapers of the economic screw. Over the past 18 years Britain has spent £140 million to keep Highland and West of Scotland (costs are escalating: £60 million in July alone) and yet the shipyard continues to lose some £300,000 a week. (These costs are dwarfed by the £200 million a year Westminster pays to keep Ulster solvent.) It costs Britain £45 million a year to keep the army in Northern Ireland. From 1965 to 1975, Britain paid out £135,955,686 in claims for malicious damage to property and £18,718,264 in claims for personal damages. In December, 1975, there were 6,994 personal claims and 23,346 property damage claims outstanding, valued at £13,616,334 and £4,717,684,000 respectively. It is an insupportable burden for a country whose economy is already a shambles. And so Britain is quietly cutting

its subsidies and withdrawing its investments in Northern Ireland. The Rolls-Royce plant at Dunsandel and the Sealed Telephone and Cable factory at Larnac are to close down, adding 1,400 men to the ranks of the unemployed. Three RAF maintenance units are to be closed, with the loss of 2,000 jobs. Many observers see these closures as politically motivated, and judge that the British presence in Ulster will dwindle within the next two years. By raising Ulster's unemployment figures (already at the 56,000 mark) to an unacceptable level, Britain could provoke drastic action on the part of the Protestants, the firms of a take-over. In the civil war that would follow, Britain could then withdraw her troops as it did in Palestine in 1948, leaving the Irish to tear their own throats in a long chapter of blood. The one main flaw in this line of fact that Northern Ireland is constitutionally part of the United Kingdom, and second that independence in Ulster would give impetus to Scottish separatism and Britain would be told on to Scotland because it is again for North Sea oil.

The violence in Ulster which had reached a peak in 1972 and then tapered off, has taken a sharp upward swing this

A hooded, armed IRA soldier in London—parades openly, Ian Paisley lectures Protestants in Belfast, and Ulster Volunteer Force commandos held a press conference: toward a 'boomday' alternative



year. Seventy-four people were killed in the first two months of 1976, compared with 27 in the same period in 1975. The only hopeful sign I found was in Derry where, unusually, the troubles began in 1969. I visited several factories and observed Protestants and Catholics working in harmony in the shop floor. I spoke with Catholic drug dealers who said that in their missions were good, in spite of indifference by the IRA (too Protestant workers had been shot dead in one factory, and the beatings had been bawled). It would appear that sectarian differences can be overcome, if people are given a chance.

"My mission is to pacify Ireland," declared Cichowicz in 1968. The mission has not yet been accomplished, and it cannot be accomplished by Britain. Eight blood-stained centuries have proved that. Surely it is time Britain admitted the failure of its Irish policy, which is one of rabidism, drift and withdrawal in presence from the last of its colonies. The words spoken by Padraig Hanny Parnell on Easter Monday, 1916, are as relevant today as they were 60 years ago: "We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland, and to the unfettered control of Irish destiny, to be sovereign and independent."

The long struggle of Irish right by a first-type people and government has not compromised the right, nor can it over be compromised except by the destruction of the Irish people. ☐





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## The World

### The fight for the spoils of Hughes

They scurried to Vancouver, London, the Bahamas. They bussed through old tax-cuts, flight bags, and the dusty files of a 1930s building in Hollywood. They scoured lighters offscreen in Texas, and the ruins of Las Vegas casinos. They wondered if it could be among the ruins of shredded paper stuffed into three big plastic bags, loaded in a luxury hotel above Acapulco Bay. And finally they appeared in newspapers in 40 cities. But only a third saw Howard Hughes' first will and testament. The phantom billionaire often said he meant the bulk of his estate—an estimated \$2.3 billion—to go to medical research. By that he meant the Howard Hughes Medical Institute, which legally was only had created for him in 1957 in a tax shelter. The medical institute, which at nearly 600 Hughes Aircraft Co., would become a division of the huge Spence Corp., an umbrella company that takes in movie income, aerospace, TV, an airline, a Nevada gambling den and vast tracts of real estate. The empire would live!

Now, it seems, it may not. A three-way fight for the billions is shaping up. First, there's the transmission and money. Spence and determined to go on doing so. Frank Gay, 55, the company's top executive who bought up the title for Hughes—"Spence, it's the greatest." Then Chasity Davis, 65, general counsel in 100 better legal actions to preserve the fortune. And finally Hudson Hunter, 66, Hughes' personal secretary for more than four decades. Mrs. Hunter is now said by South District, who worked for Hughes for 35 years, to have witnessed a will in 1955—an act that would legally bar her from benefiting. "I saw Hughes sign it," he says. "And I know he meant to leave everything to the Medical Institute." Hunter has given his detailed account to the Internal Revenue authorities. "I don't know some of the people at the Hughes organization," he says.

Next, there's the family rift: two branches of it. One is headed by Hughes' son, Mrs. Frederick Lumsden, 35, and four Lumsden offspring, all prominent in Texas society. That's also a portion of the estate, who have vowed to challenge any will that ignores them. Most of the family have not seen or heard from Hughes in nearly 40 years.

Lastly there's Uncle Sam. If no will is found, the U.S. government will demand a 75% share in death taxes—a potential windfall of \$1.75 billion! If one is discovered and the lost goes to the Medical Insti-



Hughes (above) with one of the planes he designed in the Thirties, and (opposite) at his funeral; his death ended no old mysteries, just created new ones



100, then the IRS will suit a healthy eye over the estate's two main prizes.

Gay and Co. apparently will remain in charge of the estate, which may end up owning both Spence and Hughes Aircraft. Possibly they will decide to "go public" with the two companies in two private stock offerings. Hughes Aircraft alone

grosses more than one billion dollars a year, and the U.S. business world is aghast at the idea of the level of secrecy being lifted at last on the vast, interlinked financial empire. Gay and Davis are Mainwings, not behind of the Houston interests who are Hughes' blood relatives. They and their handpicked bunch of five elderly nar-



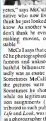
sometimes—known as the "Mormon Madonna"—shocked Hughes from the world on his terms. At his last hiding place, the Princeton Hotel in Aspen, Colo., where Mexican police found the three bags of shredded paper, one Mormon told investigators that Hughes was to have signed two portrait papers two days before his death—but lay down a coma first.

Were the papers a will, or a coded to do? No one knows. The Mormons may also face questions from Hughes' family about the wretched state in which he was found by a Mexican doctor stationed at the last resort. The recluse was emaciated (90 pounds), his skin cracked with bedsores, blood was seeping from a sore on his head, where a swelling had burst open at a 1970 mormon source. "He was wasted, and apparently addicted to cocaine, which he took for constant pain from a hip broken in 1973 and never properly treated. All this would affect the family grounds for challenging Guy and Co. if they should continue to control the empire."

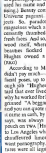
## The man who 'shot' girls for Howard Hughes



Why, years after he'd grown too big for the movie industry, did Howard Hughes refuse to send photographs such as Bea McCall to the four corners with instructions to shoot beautiful girls? What did he do with the pictures they took? What was he looking for? Did he ever find it? "I've asked myself these questions for 20 years," says McCall, a 33-year-old Montana native who now lives in Nova Scotia. "It kept just looking at them in shock. You know. As another way to make a dollar. I don't think he ever gave up the idea of making movies, of having a personal stable."



McCall says that during the period 1946-62 he photographed hundreds of women—famous and unknown—especially for the handful of billionaires whose sex life reportedly was an issue in his business interest. Sometimes McCall told the women who the pictures were for, often he didn't. Sometimes he let them surreptitiously, while on legitimate magazine or promotion assignments. (McCall, who has contributed to such publications as *Newsweek* and *Life*, was publicly well known as a photographer that Howard Hughes used his name and picture in their advertising.) Beauty contests, such as the Miss Universe pageant, were a source of subjects. So, paradoxically, were "prize" magazines which a fascinated Hughes incessantly thumbed through in search of fresh faces. And so, inevitably, was Hollywood itself, where the world's greatest beauties looked at hope and where Hughes owned a major movie studio (MGM).



According to McCall, the assignments didn't pay much—in 1946 as \$45 for nine head shots, up to \$250 for a more thorough job. "Hughes was the cheapest boss that ever lived," McCall says. Asked why he worked for him for so long, McCall grinned. "A teenage girl is a horse to death, and you can quote me." "Whatever the pay, it came in cash, by word. The film, McCall says, was always forwarded "by jolt's punch on two. Hughes used to control all Los Angeles where it was picked up by cheerleader 'housewife.' Hughes didn't want pornography, McCall says. "My pictures were all legitimate. I never made a



bed picture, for Hughes or anyone else."

Undoubtedly the search for photographic girls began at an inflection of Hughes' career, maybe, at a time when all the big studio had dozens and even hundreds of unknowns under contract. But as the years went on, McCall says, Hughes' demands—fueled by Hughes' fascination with always referred to their boss as "the Man"—became insatiable in terms of continuous talent scouting. At the height of his power, for example, Elizabeth Taylor's pictures were demanded because Hughes wanted to know whether her beauty had been marred by a scar from a back operation. Among film-world beauties whose pictures McCall was assigned to shoot were Marilyn Monroe, Carol Baker, Joyce Mansfield, Jane Fonda, Mia Farrow, Vera Lynn, Anna Barckoff, young beauty queen Eleanor Ann Brown, Miss Myron, and ex-Miss Universe Sandy Scott, among "cheerleader" models Betty Paige and Margie Van, among old society Betty von Furstenberg. McCall says he was only ever asked to photograph one star—Ruth Huskins. "Most of the girls were women I considered in Hughes, even if he was the richest guy in the world," McCall says. "The ones who were already stars were unimpressed to discover he was judging them."



McCall says he first became involved with the Hughes enterprises after Jack Shulz, a celebrated Hollywood photographer who worked for major studios and for Hughes, took a shine to him. "I had seen you. As a newspaper photographer I could get to people that studio photographers couldn't." Over the years, McCall says, he traveled to Latin America, Europe, through the Caribbean and across Asia on jobs for the billionaire. Inevitably, McCall only ever took one picture of his sensitive boss—during the All-American Air Races in Miami in the early 1930s. "I was just a boy in short pants and barefoot. My father told me to take Hughes' picture, and I did. I sold it for seven bucks." McCall, after years of working out of New York, moved to Porter's Lake, in (his wife, when he met in New York after the Second World War, as a Nova Scotian) near Halifax in 1977. "From a photographic standpoint, I've had a damned exciting life. There's nobody that's ever had a better one." McCall says he has no qualms about the role he played in helping Hughes assemble what came to be the best of most expensive collection. "I have my principles and morals. For a legitimate guy I always paid my taxes." As for Hughes, McCall says he had little use for



him enough as a person. "But I have great respect for Jack Shulz. He is the most legitimate guy I ever met." The mystery of Howard Hughes' sex appetite for women's pictures remains obscure. But McCall doubts Hughes wanted personal relationships with the girls he photographed. "He was interested in women, not bed men," McCall says. "It just doesn't make any sense the other way. You know?"



Socialite Betty von Furstenberg (above) and the ex-Mrs. Robinson Anna Barckoff (below): all the billionaire's ladies

Hughes, former Hughes just good friends

Any rule could be applied on grounds of Hughes' state of mind. In his last years at least, long periods were to have alternated with brief spells of mental clarity or serenity.

One former high-ranking Hughes aide believes there is no will. "Because he had no will or trust about his death, and he tried to put his signature to any thing worth the very last second," the Swiss source says, advancing for help in the search anywhere Hughes lived in recent years. "I've got to hope Mr. Hughes deposited a will outside the United States," says a Swiss source. Legal fees in not doing the estate could have cost \$10 million, and California, Texas and Nevada will take cash. Hughes is a resident, for tax purposes. Already the City of Los Angeles has filed suit to make a public official administrator of the estate, claiming "the thousands of California jobs and billions of dollars are at risk." CHARLES FOLBERG



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A sometime Miss Poland (above, left) and actress Julia Newman: was he looking for another Marilyn, or was his just looking?



**Waiting out the democracy-at-work**  
Thirty-one-year phenomenon, the U.S. Presidential campaign is casting a long and daunting shadow over Soviet-American relations. But behind the snarls and snobs there is reason to believe Washington and Moscow remain determined to overcome their search for mutual understanding and accommodation. Michael's Moscow correspondent, Des Moines, analyzes the current relationship between the two.

Almost lost in the recent war of words involving both American and Soviet diplomats is the fact that the two sides continue to talk as well as shout. A notable example is the fact that agreement upon further limitations of underground nuclear tests, with and the major Soviet concession providing for on-site inspection at each test. Similarly, in the midst of seemingly serious wrangling Washington and Moscow managed to participate in secret talks in London ending last January (with Britain, France, Canada, West Germany and Japan) and to draw up an agreement on terms of transfer of nuclear technology to non-nuclear powers. Obviously, then, the surface squabbling between the two is not in agreement, certainly, whether or not the dialogue has become a daily word among leading American politicians.

Remarkably the Russian folk understood the quadrangle and pointing that President Americans feel compelled to display for U.S. domestic consumption. But understanding the motivation for strident anti-Sovietism doesn't mean the Soviets don't resent it. Moreover this year its importance is added with not a little of the economic damage to Moscow. The president is reassured by a tiny President Gerald Ford may prove useful beyond the borders. In an authoritative article in *Pravda* recently, Gennadiy Arbatov, head of the U.S. Institute in Moscow, observed: "If [American] propaganda often exerts a negative influence on the international situation. The discourse past, but the consequences of propaganda damage and the consequences made in the course of the election campaign remain an influence. American policy, sometimes creating serious difficulties." The election is holding up formal agreement on the next stage of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT). Ford, under pressure from right-wing Republicans to keep his hands off the Soviet Union, as well, on the Soviet side is unwilling to sign a less than the decreased in a consensus to Moscow. The Russians are heavily disappointed because the day is interfering with that economic planning as well as their political calculations. There are, of course, secret reasons why the Russians will not discuss with the American management. They want from the very nature of debate which Moscow and Washington have presented. Instead of trying to defeat in a head-on deal, both sides are trying to project a universal reality. But not all problems fall within the



Kluge, Brezhnev and Ford at Helsinki, debate in doubt, it not in word

framework of the interests of the two superpowers, which means that their attempts to project that bilateral arrangement in something more than a strict product new tensions. Furthermore, both superpowers have relatively vulgarized debate in an exercise of personalities. In 1972, for instance, they spoke not only of a tactical battle but also of the personal accord between Leonid Brezhnev and Richard Nixon. Debate was held to be respectable without less personal accord. Throughout the unfolding of the Washington model, Moscow first tried to agree in their behalf it and finally when Nixon had to resign a senior Soviet spokesman appeared an irrelevant to disavow it as a Democratic party conspiracy. This identification of debate with Nixon inevitably detracted from the personal debate itself in the post-Nixon era.

Another factor in the deterioration of relations is the mutual unacceptability of the two sides' expectations of each other. The Americans keep changing their minds. At one moment they want to demonstrate inside the Soviet Union, at the next negotiation of Soviet Jews. Then "hands off Portugal" followed by "hands off Angola." Any day now Washington may be telling Brezhnev to keep his hands off the Soviet Union, as well. On the Soviet side when Russian ruler a constant they expect one in return. Usually, Brezhnev made concerns sometimes in the tenth of Pittsburgh opposition to the expansion of a grain in return. But such and even Soviet concerns only when the U.S. appears. This allowed Soviet policy makers, whose worst suspicions were confirmed when Congress insisted upon attacking bombing troops in a wide bill granting Moscow, state-owned arms. But the Soviet Union remains eager

for American economic and technical assistance which implies any Moscow concerns making such concerns as overt or covert projections.

The Americans see things differently. They maintain—publicly, at least—in the Soviet Union that has benefited from 20 years. This position the Russians in their own area, they risk in which Washington has made greater concerns that Moscow. Even Andropov, at his mildly momentary paper in *Pravda*, could not help complaining that while the Americans are always talking about linking confidence in the Soviet side, the American leaders "are inclined to forget that the Soviet Union also requires confidence in American policy and intentions."

Lastly, and paradoxically, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has become an obstacle to better Soviet-American ties. Previously, Russians from Brezhnev down admired him. But they no longer have him with the intensity they used to. They concede that Kissinger has done much for détente. But they also complain that in his efforts to outdo his right-wing enemy, he has increasingly become a prisoner of his own myth. Angola for example, an anti-Soviet cause was stirred by Kissinger and harshly backed. Similarly his attitude against Communism in West Europe has drawn ridicule rather than praise. Nevertheless, the Russians believe that once the U.S. elections are over no matter who occupies the White House, the tide will turn in favor of anyone again. Therefore, so-called as they are, they propose to be low and exploit every opportunity for making contact with Washington. Brezhnev himself affirmed in the Commission on Party Congress in February that "the Soviet Union is finally determined to follow the line of further improving Soviet-U.S. relations."

## People

The kind of outflows (oil services usually reserve for the public) has been visited upon Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa and his whole cabinet. For some reason, the accountant in charge of issuing their salary checks made this little mistake, and the ministers now owe an average of

Remember when Baren announced the one-million-dollar signing of Larry Green, Paul Winfield and Alvin Karp in his Toronto Northmen/Monopoly Saboteur/Monopoly Greenhouse of the last and nearly unknown World Football League? Attorney Bob Wolff, who represented the team, has developed a new book that the Miami Dolphins were paying Crooks only \$50,000 a year with the team, and that Winfield was getting only \$63,000. Baren, he said, would have easily found that out if he'd asked us, and got Crooks or Winfield for half of the \$300,000-plus apiece he so enthusiastically offered.

If anybody believes that Brigitte Bako's current be-lad-to-usuals campaign is just so much cynical hype designed to revive a world film career, she should dip the notion. Bako practices what she preaches. In a rather sorry under-the-cup written by former housekeeper Ma-

50,000 each on unpaid income taxes. The had now come just after they'd turned down their annual raises — to show how serious they were about fighting inflation. "Surprised? No, I was mad as hell," fumed Vice-Premier and Justice Minister Gerard Laframboise. "I only wish I had the time to stand down the person who pulled this off." Too late now, according to another minister, the fabled bureaucrat has been transferred, and "he's bound to go far down we'll have to pump air to him."

One thing that can be said for John F. Bessett is his attempts to build a sports career in the spirit not only and not well.



Winfield, Crooks, Karp: a lucky one!



is contemporary tennis, sports, animal and Nantucket were the big sell, as he called his new book *Golfing For Cars* and put a huge swastika on the cover.

For 60 years now, Owen Weller has been making a movie called *The Outer Edge Of The Wind*, doing it in bits and pieces between other assignments. Still, 60 years.

One of the reasons is most certainly Weller's rather better approach to film making. For instance there is a scene in *Outer Edge* that has Rich Little, Maurice McCaughy and another actor on top of a building in Phoenix, Arizona. Weller ordered them to "Owen, you are wrong!" Little shouted down, "Because midgets have bald of your leg," Weller replied, "But there are no midgets." Little observed, "I'm going to shoot the midgets in Spain." Weller explained Little clutched down and went home.



Bako: yes, but did the earth move?

ricious Murray. Bako is pictured, at one point, weeping about the sex lives of her kids. "Mummers, our kids are bored. They need a mother." And then she dove off, meaning a short time later with the biggest smile she could find.

There is a legend that, many years ago, a group of writers convened one day to figure out what the public was buying. They determined that the non-physical books dealt with (a) Lincoln (by residents and so) and (b) math. One of them, the legend continues,



Weller: he too works in mysterious ways



# Sports

Could this be the last Year Of The Thug?



Leaf Dave Williams and Flyer Jack McIlhenny in a combative game last week

For those who like that sort of thing, this year's hit, and play-offs have provided a glutton's diet of violence. In what Calgary Cowboy Frisques Lacombe called "a war between the French and the English," the Cowboys and the Quebec Nordiques squared off in a series that left one player (Cow's winger/winger Mike Tardif) hospitalized with a concussion, one (Rusk Jodanis) facing charges of assault with intent to injure and both teams plagued with fines of \$5,000. In the west, the Toronto Maple Leaf-Philadelphia Flyer quarterfinal produced a record number of penalties, criminal charges against two Philadelphia players (Don Scelsi, Mtd. Bridgman, Joe Watson and Rick Kelly) and protagonists from coaches and players alike that hockey boogymen it, as Flyer captain Bobby Clarke put it, "getting totally out of control."

One could hardly disagree. Eight years ago, in its first season of expansion, the sixth-ranked player (Flyer's Peter) spent 183 minutes in the penalty box. Last year, the league's leading bruiser, Steve Duchesne, recorded 375 minutes. Team totals have also nearly doubled—1,980 minutes for the Flyers in 1975-76, compared with 1,040 minutes for the Boston Bruins in 1967-68. Observers Vern Belyea, an ex-ref, referee "The coldest fight I've seen to be the result of expansion. Until three hockey nights always happened after a showing match." Frisques looks intense and suspicious have proved no deterrent at all. "I don't agree with what [Ontario Attorney-General] Roy McMurtry is

saying," says Clarke, a talented player who nevertheless resorts to some dubious tactics on the ice, "but he's definitely right on one aspect. Nothing is being done by the league to discourage hounding." Adds former star and now referee Ron Igo, "who came off the ice with \$25,000. Nobody pays their dues no matter what the wage might tell you. How are they? They can't even mention this pay."

It's more than simple fighting that is driving publicity. In pre-expansion days," says Belyea, "all these games would have been in the arena." As it, every professional team has a "politicized" as a team mascot—whose principal function is to intimidate the opponent's best player. Philadelphia's coach Fred Shero, "It makes sense. Take Rusk Jodanis of Toronto. What we saw was to do it—let him stare around and score all the time. If we risk him into the box, it's that he can't stand in the same of the game." Even Philadelphia coach Fred Shero, whose Flyers have been hockey's most penalized team for five consecutive seasons admits too many fans escape the referee's whistle. "Something over has to be said. But the league would have to spend money and I don't think the owners are willing to spend money to end hockey violence."

Tardif, meanwhile, still recuperating, thinks "What happened was not a good thing for me but good for hockey. It woke a few people up." That means to be sent—more immediately in the court's resolution of the charges against Jodanis and

the first Flyers. "Real changes will only come," says Toronto News columnist Jim Coleman, "when they throw one of these few fellows in jail for a few months."

## Highly browsed has struck out

While a group of Toronto businessmen were still looking for a major league baseball franchise two years ago, they had trouble convincing team owners the city really existed. Now, as both the American and National Leagues vie to bring a team there in 1979, Toronto has become the focus of a power struggle that may be the overthrow of Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. Hounded by politicians, including President Gerald Ford, to move baseball to Washington (the Senators left for the Team ranges in 1973), the commissioner first told the American League it could not expand to Toronto unless it



Kuhn: can't anybody here run this game?

solved the Washington problem—then rejected the American League's compromise offer to have teams play a total of 26 games in the capital. Now, Kuhn has offered the National League a base—on the Toronto, provided it accepts the burden of Washington.

But the dispute has only intensified. Lee MacPhail, now chairman: "Toronto is a permanent member of the American League." The central question is whether Kuhn, whose position is limited in that of the Governor General, has the authority to decide which league gets the franchise. Says Jerald McIlhenny, the peppy Baltimore Orioles owner: "The awarding of the franchise is not in his power. If he takes that attitude, we'll have a huge fight." For the moment, the American League appears to have the stronger

hand—only because the National League itself is divided on expansion. But whoever wins, baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn seems to be headed for the showers. ANGELA FERRANTE

## The great leap downward

With the Olympic Games a mere 10 weeks away, attention is finally shifting from the myriad problems of conservation to the sports themselves—and Canada's hopes for medals. Last month's Canada Cup—drawing international in Toronto gave Canadians an especially encouraging glimpse of what is expected from their divers at Montreal. Outlined by Russians, Indians and Americans, the Canadian men's team managed only a seventh place finish in the tower event, eighth and last in the springboard. The vastly superior women's team claimed two silver and two bronze Canada Cup medals—a performance that might have been more had competition been stiffer. (American champion Janet Eise pushed up the merit, as did several highly ranked Russians.)

What the Canadian team is no master—of the hope to improve in Montreal—is the "in-penalty," a technique perfected by Italy's Klaus Dibiasi. Olympic gold medalist at Munich (1972) and Mexico City



Dibiasi: run, swim, not sleep

(1968). Hitting the water from the 10-metre platform tower like an iron, Dibiasi, 28, never makes a splash—just a few thin splashes. "A diver is asked to dive but not to splash," says Dibiasi's coach and flycatcher, himself an Olympic diver in 1956. Since Kuhn revealed the technique in 1968, the Russians and East Germans found his performance. "Now," says the diver Dibiasi, "they've all become better than my son." Not all, competing in his first event of the year, Dibiasi won a gold medal in the springboard event and silver in the platform—losing to Russia's 17-year-old phenomenon, Sergey Nazarenko, who has had just two years in international competition. Wishing the Russian performer, Ken Armstrong, one of Canada's best divers, could only shake his head, saying "Now I know how much more work I have to do."

# Of mad dogs and hatchetmen and the guys who wind 'em up

Sports column by Michael Posner

Of all the pains last summer in defense of our national religion, nothing gnaws quite so much as the suggestion that hockey has police on our paratroopers. Never mind that the president of the National Hockey League, Clarence Campbell, is a man given to more unbecoming offerings than a swarm of drunks in search of a Queen Bee. Never mind the cosmetic rule changes that may be applied, the stiff fines that will probably never be paid, the tough talk from referees. The truth is, the people who run professional hockey—the owners—a group not enlightened in any tribe of Yonah or Hae, want no basic training with the game. Violent will.

And who would challenge them? Certainly not the coaches, if that's possible, such as Joe Crozier of the new Calgary Cowboys, who mistreated a pair of first rounder Rick Jodanis to "go out on my" Quebec Nordiques star Marc Tardif. (A finalist, Jodanis—11th number from a scratch, but no highlight—then scored 80 feet across the ice to attack the league's highest scoring player.) Or genius such as Freddy Shero, whose little brain must have gone adrift the day he realized the full implications of the rock, groin-meat and expletives that Stanley Cope could actually be won not by talent—but by the free principles of elbowing, sparring and accumulation granted by almost any pebble machine on skates. Will the players challenge the owners? Since the same day Bobby Clarke was the Lady Byng, Cope then \$40,000 a year, no agent to thank for them and blow

dry in the dressing room, and what's a common between them? A hockey season is a brutal season, and the player—even the questionable risk on Clarke, flailing his head and neck and looking away it apparently like some apologetic boy, even before the body is a vast. The fix, too, is an acceptance—teasing the players with language that would have made Harlowe B. B. throwing eggs and golf balls and flash but—as a useful promoter of the brand of fourth-class wrangling he pretends to shirk.

We have enough plaintive elegies to the Old Game. Everyone knows or should know by now that expansion has stretched hockey's quality past its breaking point, that the ice is not filled with sports-wonderful who'd have time to worry on an empty set but not cross-check like the dickens, that fighting, even an occasional aberration, has become a regular part of the game. See, referee-in-chief Scotty Morrison says that if it becomes official should "throw the ice out of the game. In the only thing I can think of doing." Think harder, Scotty. No other professional team sport—and this includes football, basketball and soccer, games in which both sometimes include with last year's low-percentage fighting. In hockey special—or just without said. Some may say that teenagers are just a couple of years from being a year older an example of one player—when many are guilty. Perfect, what better way to introduce a sport, so that even-minded praising the delights of the Dark Ages can group it?



Other Nordiques vs. Calgary Cowboys: if you can't beat them in the sky...

100

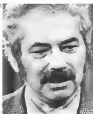


# Business

For the folks at IAC, unhappiness is just a guy named Max

Canada's largest finance company wishes the public didn't call it "money in action." Certainly, with consolidated assets of nearly \$14 billion, IAC (Imperial Acquisitive Corp.) had lots of money to work with. But in its bid to turn itself into a chartered bank, the firm is encountering problems drawing heavily from the federal New Democratic Party.

During the 1972-74 minority government in Ottawa, the NDC held (and enjoyed) the balance of power. But as the 1974 election drew near, the party was reduced to a group of 16 men and the Liberals recovered their majority position, life for the NDC has been less enjoyable. Occasionally, though, an opportunity presents itself, which is what has happened with the proposed to convert IAC into the Continental Bank of Canada. Some of the biggest names in Canada's business (including the mighty Bechtel Group) are behind the



Salomon (above) and Landi are as much the NDP's principles as IAC's principles



NDC, and the NDC is having a great time staging an old-fashioned filibuster.

The bill to incorporate what would be Canada's seventh chartered bank will probably die on the order paper when the parliamentary session ends this summer. Some such bills are sponsored by government members (in this case by backbench Liberal John Reid) rather than by the government, they have a low priority on the Commons agenda, and the Continental Bank bill is busy to be allowed any hour of debating time every two weeks. Given its determination and its informal alliance on the matter with the Social Credit Party (which views banks as the root of all evil), the NDC is having no difficulty maintaining its filibuster during the Commons' intermittent consideration of the bill.

Leading the campaign is NDC finance critic Max Salomon, 54, a veteran of 11

years in the Commons. Salomon assembled a "blue Salomon list" for his critics colleagues, listing among other things the direction of out and their outside interests. It also listed the bank developments held by various unions, even though they already had been voting on the Continental Bank bill. Salomon's colleagues have responded with gusto, taking turns filing up debating time by reading the lists into the parliamentary record.

Last fall, IAC had to become a bank as proposed in its bill. After all, it was voted government policy to encourage the creation of new banks. Two others, the National and the Canadian Commercial and Industrial, had gained Commons approval earlier in 1975—the first after just two hours of debate, the second after only 30 minutes. Indeed, the Continental bill sailed through the Senate in just two

weeks and gained swift approval in principle in the Commons December 12. But then Salomon was appointed vice finance critic and the filibuster began. An unorthodox economic thinker who doubts that more "competition" will lead to improved economic performance, Salomon was troubled by the fact that 11 of IAC's 18 directors were also directors of banks or bank companies. (At IAC's annual meeting in Toronto April 22, seven IAC directors who are also directors of deposit-taking institutions resigned from the board, at before-the-fact compliance with Bank Act regulations. Among those who stepped down: multinational Charles Rodriguez and Louis Lapointe, one of the five charged in the Sky Shops affair.) Noting that the IAC proposal was supported by any existing bank, Salomon remarked, "There is a consensus here which demands that 'Equally speaking, says Salomon, is the number of exemptions to normal banking regulations in the Continental legislation continues. Under the umbrella Bank Act, no single shareholder may own more than 10% of a bank. But Citicorp-Bancorp Inc., controlled by Peter and Edgar Brodman, holds 19% of IAC. The Continental bill would give them first refusal to comply. Another regulation forbids banks from getting directly involved in leasing, so, in heavily leasing and wants 10 years to phase itself out Salomon reasons that the Continental bill ought to be held up until the government and parliament complete their current review of the Bank Act. "We are not opposed to IAC turning itself into a bank," says Salomon, who adds that the NDC isn't even decided on whether banks should be allowed to have a business to which they are all eager to buy. "What we are saying is that we don't think it's appropriate to bring it in through the bank door."

For its part, the company is quietly hopeful that eventually its bill will be passed. It has the support of most Liberal and Conservative MPs. Even Tory finance critic Sinclair Stevens, who once used to launch a bank himself, and Liberal MP Robert Kaplan are outraged at the NDC's behavior. But even more and that it's having so much difficulty, says president Joseph Landi, assistant the NDC's director, that while he couldn't predict when the bill would go through, he and the firm were continuing to plan the bank's operations. Beyond that he refused all comment. But another company executive said he was certain IAC would get a bank charter. "It's just going to take a little longer than we thought," says LARRY MONTGOMERY.

## Q: How much profit does Imperial Oil earn on each gallon of petroleum products it makes and markets?

In 1975, the figure was less than one cent a gallon.

That's right—after paying income tax, Imperial earned 9/100ths of one cent on each gallon of petroleum products it made and marketed during 1975. Products like gasoline, heating and fuel oils, jet fuels, greases, oils and many more.

In other words, if Imperial reduced the prices of these products by an amount equal to

their after-tax profit, their average price would be lowered by slightly less than one cent a gallon.

Imperial has other sources of earnings—from the production of crude oil and natural gas, from the manufacture and sale of chemicals, from other sources.

And the bulk of Imperial's earnings is reinvested in the big

job of finding and developing new petroleum resources for Canada, and in providing facilities to meet the growing demand for products.

We hope you'll remember this message the next time you hear about...or read about...or even think about...the price of petroleum products.

**Imperial Oil Limited**  
Canada's leading supplier of energy.



# Advertising

If it was good enough for your mother, it's good enough for you

The Greeks used ordinary vinegar and water, the Romans, oil and soft wood. Later generations, including yours, tried taking soda and opium. But now, spurred by well-crafted versions of old-fashioned methods, dosing—and as actively dosed indulged in—and rarely discussed—has become a booming multimillion-dollar market in North America (\$36 million in the United States alone).

Advertisers "cautiously" but openly in consumer magazines and on U.S. television, dosages are filling the nooks owned by the old-time feminine hygiene spray market. The sprays, which jumped from zero sales in 1966 to \$68-million sales in 1971, followed in 1972 after the endorphorphane, a key ingredient in most sprays, was banned by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration in potentially toxic.

Serious on alternative women earned to dosing and, in Canada, dosed boost 1974 sales of dosing preparations 120% over 1973 levels. "Sales of Inner Rose were 60% above target in its first year," says Rosemary Wemy, marketing manager for Toronto-based Black Drug. Inner Rose, a masculine "you-shield" dosing mist and concentrate that coats about eight cents per application, is not yet one of Black's bread-and-butter products, but it does have a lot of "social credit" opportunity, says Wemy. In fact, Black is now considering a second dosing entry—this time a disposable, the most exciting sector of the market, according to manufacturers in Canada's only disposable dosing product for her Rosebud (Coca-Cola's Maseggi), is well on its way to becoming the number-one seller on the estimated \$13-million Canadian dosing market.

We expect a radical increase in the market where more disposable dosages are introduced in Canada," says Fritson Cherry, Beetham's senior product manager. The new, more expensive disposable (Maseggi) costs about 19 cents per application but will almost certainly see television to deliver the message. "I'm not alone, damn, maximum one potential" (CBC has so far refused to accept dosing commercials, CTV has agreed—with strict guidelines).

Whatever the medium, there's little doubt that women are getting dosed. One recent U.S. study indicates that 25% of women aged 18 to 49 dosed at least once a month (Of these 60% are regular or "heavy" users—four or more times a month).

For many women, however dosing is mostly part of good grooming. Says Wemy: "Women dosed for the refresh-

ing, clean, confident feeling it provides." Advertising stresses routine to appeal with such lines as "Now you are only seconds away from freshness" (Maseggi) or, "Let's you feel so clean, so fresh in so short a time" (Inner Rose)—an approach proved to "sober, health-conscious and budget-minded young adults," the target audience. Manufacturers attribute the dosing boom to the rejection of dosed dosages (ranging from cheap soap to strawberry), changing social mores (an increase in sexual promiscuity) and other problems caused by lack of ventilation when women apply paraffins over nylon panties.

"We are not selling a false promise," says Beetham's Cherry. "Women are no longer shy about hygiene and dosing is now a well-kept secret." Not everyone, however, is so convinced. "It's all part of the great North American obsession with dosing," says Toronto physician Anita Johnson, a dosing advocate. "We wash, spray, nose, depilate, purple and shave. We don't leave our orifices unattended." All a woman really needs to stay clean, Johnson says, is plain white soap, cotton underwear and a salt solution to nylon panties. **ELIZABETH WATSON**

**My burg's louder than yours**  
Ford there was the "Pepsi Challenge"—then the "Frisco Supremacy." In what will probably be known as the year of the pop shot, soft-drink giants Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola are locked in a bitter competition advertising war. The "Pepsi Challenge," introduced in Dallas, Texas, last year—leading to a 60% increase in Pepsi's share of the local market—claims that half

of the regular Coca-Cola drinkers tested prefer Pepsi. Coca-Cola's "Frisco Supremacy" campaign, aimed at males and young men, has tried folded taste tests—who have just had a drink of Pepsi—choosing sugar-free Frisco (a non-cola) as the better-tasting drink. Now competition has become so fierce that incentives for the two companies are full-fledged in stores. And Canadian consumers, their sense of fair play aroused, are complaining. "You don't boost yourself by downgrading another," says Orilla, Ontario housewife Wilma Robinson, one of dozens telephoning objections directly to Coke. "You have to know the worth of your own product."

According to Pepsi, Coca-Cola's Frisco campaign is a deliberate—if casually shrewd—manoeuvre. According to Coke, the Pepsi Challenge tries to create the impression of parity. "But months after launch," says Coca-Cola's marketing manager Bruce Smith, "people choose Coke two to one." (In the United States, Coke claims 58.2% of the market, compared to 17.4% for Pepsi. Frisco last year fell out of the top 10—with 1.1%. Noncomparable Canadian statistics are available.)

The star of one Frisco radio commercial, Creech, Ont., carpenter Orley Dumais, 32, usually chose the other-designed drink by mistake. Asked which drink he prefers, Dumais says, "Pepsi," pointing to the glass containing Frisco. Later, Dumais said he was "educated" to think nothing but Pepsi while preparing for the test on a Frisco holiday. "Had I any idea that it was a Pepsi commercial," says Dumais, who earned \$20 plus residuals for his efforts. "No other soft drink was even mentioned." **CAROL DUMAIS/STYLING**

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# Education

## Summer jobs: Don't call us, kid—we'll call you

In St. John's, a lady who plans to visit England for the summer needs a student to babysit her grandson. In Toronto, 32 students who share attributes ranging from "open-mindedness" to multilingualism will earn \$23 a week making Important People feel welcome—and important people welcome—at Olympic soccer games. And in Edmonton, some 25 yet unknown women will have what may be the warmest summer job in the country: exposing naked women to mosquitoes and counting the number of bites per minute.

In coming weeks, the nation's 503,000 post-secondary students will be hitting the streets—looking for the historic or modern summer job to help pay next year's tuition. Many won't find it. They will join the already swollen army of jobless young that made 1975 the worst year for unemployment in the 14-to-24 age bracket in 20 years. Says Gordon Barnes, University of Toronto student president, "We surveyed 40 regular employers. Only two said they were hiring more students this year. I'm looking for a job myself. Let me know if you hear of anything." Only on the frontier, where the young unemployment rate is roughly one third the national average and in Quebec, where a booming service industry will provide jobs for almost every available body, does the employment picture improve. Elsewhere, the situation is grim and getting grimmer. "We'll be happy if we can find jobs for 50% to 70%," says Linda Loder, Canada Manpower counselor for students in St. John's. "The Maritimes have the highest unemployment rate in the country anyway. The kids are facing an awful lot of competition." Adds Cern Creek, CMC counselor at the University of British Columbia: "It used to be that a student with a summer and a year of heavy loads could always find work. You

just can't say that's true anymore." Most student leaders blame the Trudeau government's wakiness in program. Last year Ottawa spent \$67 million providing summer jobs; this 1976 budget is \$34 million and the Opportunity For Youth program, which alone produced 29,000 jobs last year, has been axed entirely. One effect of the tight job market is an increase in student loans—and an increase in the debt load graduates have to pay back. But not everybody's complaining. Lisa Higgins, 16, has just earned \$700 (plus room and board) in one week in Miami, Florida, making a self-styled commercial. And in Aberystwyth, Ontario, 20-year-old Shirley Gould will help pilot a hot air balloon to advertise everything from hardware to soda pop at country fairs. Some students, of course, make their own jobs. In the best tradition of free enterprise, Scarborough's Bill Walker, 19, pitched a summer lawn-mowing service into a full-time contracting firm that grows \$350,000 a year. Does Walker intend to hire any students? Not a chance. "They don't work hard enough. Most of them are afraid to bend just their knees."

Not all projects are as legitimate or as successful as Walker's. One St. Catherine's student, taking advantage of an Ontario government program, borrowed \$1,000 to organize camping trips. Officials are still trying to collect the loan. And a second-year Arts student at Toronto's York University plans to earn money this summer the same way he did during the winter, by selling dogs to fellow students—but only on 1 August, when he takes his animal relations two weeks on the Avenue followed by two more weeks on the French Mediterranean. **WILLIAM DAMPIER**

## Jobless students: better luck next year



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# Medicine

A matter of life and breath—and a little venture capital

Emphysema sufferers are always drowning—submerged in a world with a diminishing supply of oxygen. Consider the trauma, then, when 46 Alberta patients were told their new portable oxygen machines might soon be found off. Half a million dollars in debt, Rater Engineering of Calgary—inventor of an oxygen separator that rendered non-terminal life—worried patients five months ago that the company could not maintain service. Production ceased; 15 employees were laid off. But in recent weeks Dr. Robert Rater, 44, and Dave Turnbull, 47, have been battling—successfully, it now appears—to keep their invention alive. Personally just—

Anesthetized, hospitalized for six months, is back to farming. Says J. P. Matheson of Alberta social services and community health: "Rater can reduce hospitalizations by half, so annual savings for Alberta's 200 to 300 emphysema patients of at least 300 hospital days—or \$500,000." Multiplied by Rater's estimate of 1,000 to 6,000 Canadians using at least three bottles of oxygen a week, hospitalization savings alone would be "tremendous." In the United States, where chronic respiratory disease is second only to heart disease as the cause of death and incapacitation, two to three million Americans could benefit from Rater. In 1971, Rater then dove engineering.

Robert Rater intends to switch to a rental system (\$165 a month) when production resumes. "Not all the things you could produce," says Rater, "the most important is oxygen. It's hard to think of a situation that doesn't require it." Frankly better about the months spent trying to raise "the trivial sum of money" needed to put Rater on a solid financial footing, he says "It is virtually impossible to build an industry here from the ground up. They're geared up for the multinationals, who just need manage backing and have the sort of collateral that could make them bank customers. They're going to have to recognize that ideas can happen anywhere. They're not the prerogative of big companies." Private investors have been even more wary. "Venture capital in Canada likes to gamble—as long as there is no risk. We have a embryonic plant mentality here. Canadians are low when there isn't a duplicate American plant they can follow. They can't cope with a project that can only be looked at in terms of potential." Nevertheless, Rater is committed to Canada. At the height of his troubles last year, he secured a three million dollar take-over bid from Californian investors. Rater turned it down. SUSANNE ENKELIN

## Maybe it's the sugar in 'spice

In every developed country, the incidence of male mortality from major disease is significantly higher than for females. While women require more surgery, occupy more hospital space (including pregnancy), make more men to doctors and swallow more pills than men, they don't succumb nearly as easily. "In some paradoxical way," Dr. Constantine Ntanos of Baltimore's Johns Hopkins University told a recent Canadian medical symposium, "women defy death by becoming ill." In such major death-causing categories as heart and lung disease, accidents, suicide and arthritis of the liver, there are more than twice as many male deaths per 100,000 population (477) as among females (228). Male embryos also show more often (of 140 conceptions, only 146 boys are born), suffer double the number of birth traumas and twice as many congenital defects. Only one percent of recent evidence, turned up by University of Alberta pediatrician Dr. Pierre Flier-Henry, blames the male. Among women varicella in the womb leads to an excess of testosterone (the male sex hormone), 68% planned to use oral H10—compared with 25% who normally reach that level. JOHN ENKELIN



Rater and beneficiary Irene Kettner of Calgary ion Rater's breathing easier

ving the 60-year-olds will be in (30 more he will assume development), Rater and Turnbull landed a \$250,000 loan from the Alberta Opportunity Co., and later this month are importing further financial backing—possibly from European sources—that will allow the company to resume production.

The Rater (respiratory oxygen) system, which won Rater a Governor General's merit award, has been hailed by doctors and victims alike as a breakthrough in the treatment of emphysema, a degenerative lung disease which reduces the body's ability to move oxygen and carbon dioxide through the bloodstreams. Emphysema patients therefore need a greater concentration of oxygen than the 21% contained in ordinary air. Due old cigarette was smoking "You have a day at the office, 12 at front of the TV" and planning early retirement before he acquired his Rater. Now he works a regular eight-hour day

at the University of Calgary, and his assistant, Turnbull, were trying to separate other materials when they stumbled on a process that extracts nearly pure oxygen from ordinary air. The perpetual oxygen machine that evolved in a wheeled, ivy-vent cabinet that feeds oxygen through a 40-foot-long plastic tube plugged into the nose, allowing extra-normal mobility. The complex process compresses and dries ordinary air to a molecular sieve (removing gases of acid, but very porous that absorb nitrogen, carbon dioxide and water vapor)—leaving oxygen and inert gases to pass into a low-pressure storage chamber. The oxygen is then funneled into a flow meter and out the tubing. Every two minutes, a vacuum pump cleans out nitrogen from one chamber, while the process is repeated in a duplicate chamber. The Rater sells for \$2,750 or \$3,300 (depending on size) plus an annual \$360 servicing fee (housed oxygen can cost a patient \$2,400 a year). But

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# Music

Encore Horowitz: a man can't rest on his immortality

In 1974, when manager David Shaw tossed 70-year-old Vladimir Horowitz out of his latest restaurant and back onto the concert circuit, the Russian-born maestro of the piano felt old enough and rich enough to issue a few protests. Shaw agreed and Horowitz now travels from concert to concert with a personal cook, a water-purifying machine and his own grand piano, in addition he made it a condition that he would play only on Sunday afternoons, when both he and his audience are freest.

The superannuated man be working because as far as year Horowitz has played 16 concerts and for the first time in 25 years

made available to students at the lowest ticket price. He is also fond of visiting campus hangouts, including often entertaining students in a cafe with his anecdotes and apocryphal laughs. A contemporary of Rachmaninoff, Debussy and Tchaikovsky ("He was a charming man. I used to see him often at my concerts"), he will not shake of himself as old. That might reserve for Arthur Schnitzler, who is 99.

Born in Kiev in 1894, Horowitz' first concert was in 1921 in post-revolutionary Russia but it wasn't until 1925 that he reached America and stunned his audience with a Carnegie Hall performance of the Tchaikovsky Concerto in B flat major that inspired one critic to label him the "vaudeville brando from the Neppen".

The legend is now almost 70 and still raving, endearing with a technique so dazzling that critics have used it against him, calling him unfeeling and mechanical. While this may have been true in the early days of his career (in 1923, at the age of 29, he played 23 minutes in one concert with 11 different programs) when his skill may have run ahead of his emotional development, there is no sign of it now. Everything about Horowitz' attitude proclaims the triumph of a powerful technique, from his short cool glances at or away from the piano to his programs over the long, slow pieces most pianists favor to his description of this technique: "I play under the notes, not on them." **ALAN FRIEDMAN**



Horowitz on Rachmaninoff used to say...

great results in Canada, selling out a recent Montreal concert and drawing Toronto fans to camp out in sleeping bags to guarantee tickets for a May 9 concert. The crop of his admirers is matched by Horowitz himself. During a recent stroll in Ann Arbor, Michigan, the 84-year-old pianist gave four concerts. Before each one he would spring to his feet and point solemnly at the piano to indicate he would play again. Enthusiast, he'll manage to accommodate a gaggle of autograph seekers who pushed halfway after the concert to "view the corpse," as he puts it.

Fascinated by youth, Horowitz enjoys playing college campuses and, even though he receives up to \$40,000 for a concert, he stipulates that 250 tickets must be

## Evangelina's daughter

My father cannot hold from the sea  
And might be taken in his  
He wants to know if I remember  
All our people who were sent away  
Do you think their lives will ever be re-  
vived?"

When French-Canadian singer Estelle Butler stands in Montreal's avenue downtown shopping complex, singing songs like this, her music magically evokes reflections of the lost in the wretchedness of the war and the quiet Canadian French evokes life in the Acadian villages planted along the rocky New Brunswick coast. This fresh breeze not only warms the heart-coldies of Quebec housewives watching the taping of a local variety show, it also sums up how Acadian music has recently become a kind of third force on the Quebec music scene.

But nothing comes easily in Acadia and Butler, the forerunner of this new trend, took almost 12 years to cover the rocky road to success. A schoolteacher like Anne-Marie—in the early days, she spent

years working up and down the New Brunswick coast before breaking out to the rest of America and abroad. By 1970, she had enough of a reputation to be able to settle in Montreal and start singing the old story of her people to audiences in the young giant Place des Arts and the best annual night spots in the city. Butler thinks her songs appeal to the Acadians in nationalist Quebecers: "Quebec is becoming true. In Acadia we have no city we can call our own. In the city sometimes it is a sense of alienation, but in the country we're close to our roots," says the statuesque singer, whose blue eyes and more reflect the Irish mingling with the Acadian blood in her veins.

However, like singer Angèle Arsenault and playwright Suzanne Muelin, two other French Maritime women who have helped force Acadia into focus on the Quebec cultural scene, Butler is conscious that being Acadian is not the sole sign of her racism. The long, potent history of her craft has paid off, not only in Quebec, but internationally as well. Her big break came in 1970, when she was engaged to sing for the Canadian Pavilion in Japan. Since then she has enjoyed growing prestige on the folk circuit, been invited to perform on CTV's *Juste Avant* Canadian Show, made a movie in Louisiana and cut two records with Columbia (*Avant d'être Dépayée* and *L'Amour S'Marche*). Now, with plenty of people covering the Acadian banner, Butler says she no longer feels her thing folk music needs to be located in Acadia. "I want to be very nationalistic. Using Acadian I wanted to prove something. But now I am going to start expressing myself more and my songs will only be Acadian in so much as I am." **GUY ROBERT**

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Butler: notes and reflections from the other French 'Fest' in Canada









# Books

Poor old Tricky Dick, they'll never stop kicking him around

THE FINAL DAYS  
by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein  
Olivier Book Co. \$12.50

Follow grandkids call them the "Scarlet Twins." The public shortchange their names to "Woodmen." In the hierarchy of muckrakers they stand on the right of Lincoln Steffens and about one useful step from Hearst. But back in 1972 Bob

know better, of course, but who could resist the siren-as-horn now in Crime scene steering Robert Kennedy?

Said, kids cranked on fuzzy ground risk being attacked on no grounds at all. The opportunity to defrock Woodmen came with the publication of *The Final Days*, the behind-the-scenes story of the last dramatic months of the Nixon White House

er not, Nixon is history. From Gibson to Together, historians have traced their tracks and measured through historians peering around the headlines in bits of last-minute peccadillo behind decisions of state. Nixon's integrity reliance on bureaucrat and bureaucratic rules beside the corruption of French officials outlined in William Blum's *The Collapse of The Third Republic*.

In the end it isn't the angry bodies under White House beds that shock, nor even the extraordinary series of accidents looking all inevitable (Vietnam of a plump and program Henry Kissinger, kitchen in White House paper nap, saying his Peter Newer with the Commander-in-Chief) What shocks is the little fish America made of it all. One congressman after another insinuated by something any plausible democracy could clean up with a quick nonconfidence vote. Reports Woodmen. "Kosko's body started to shake. Then his small hands clenched his nose, and tears streamed down his face [Bernstein]. Scott's eyes were glazing over. You're all we've got now and I mean the country not the jury." He began sobbing. Ford's eyes reddened. ... If I [Rep. Carl Albert] hadn't been in public view I would have cried.

A neo-Americanism is a new of the symbol of the Presidency might now be seen for more important things. The questions raised by the Nixon years go beyond the moral of any elected official ever the highest. Although Woodward and Bernstein's book is fascinating reading, its ultimate value will be to source material for thinkers actually concerned with how it all happened, but for when Russia and is what said.

BIBIANA AMEL



Nixon, Pat and Tricky at the grand foreword: the evil men do live after them

Woodward and Carl Bernstein were simply a couple of Washington Post reporters with a preference for self-reported stories and a marked disinclination for routine newsroom "fact." They were assigned to the Watergate break-in room by difficult boss design. "I I had known on June 17 when this story was going," said Post Executive Editor Benjamin Bradlee, "I would have fought tooth and nail against involving other of you."

A man-military willpower? But Bradlee was wary that Washington Sunday, and Woodward and Bernstein moved in They profited their reporting into one super article, *All The President's Men*, and one runaway film. Most impressive of all, this said America, maybe even themselves, on the surrounding chaos that they "unleashed" and "revealed" the Watergate scandal (The crucial work of the Grand Jury, federal prosecution, congressional confirmation—and even the fire from whom they got most of their "leaks"—accepted few pages in their book.) Some journalists

Pre-publication excerpts of the book appeared in *Newsweek*, along with details of the \$300,000 advance the authors received. The howls of anguish from Woodward's media peers were more heartless than any political abuse the book made by Jackson Nussan. The criticism, which took in the highest moral tone, focused on the disclosure of personal details about the Nixon and the historical methods employed in the book's writing. References to "aspirin" and "drugs" and "marijuana" drinking were condemned. Critics blossomed unexpectedly on the pressings. On show 80 *Newsweek* when debriefing Shasta Alexander and James Kilpatrick agreed that *The Final Days* was beyond the "public's right to know." Research of fairness studies including yellow, raised up their noses. Crookedly wept.

Over what? A sustained account of slippery dealings by Nixon and his playmates based on dozens of interviews all the too-busy-not-to-check-out some of the gaudy details and more of a dramatic take in

## The filmman man

THE SECRET CONVERSATIONS  
OF HENRY KISSINGER by Mark Gerson  
(Columbia & Whitman \$12.50)

"Even the order situation at Washington to control you." Henry Kissinger told former Jewish Press Minister Golda Meir during the 1973 Yom Kippur war. "I am your only friend." But two weeks into the war, when the side of battle had turned in Israel's favor, Kissinger secretly flew to Moscow where he arranged a cease-fire without the knowledge or consent of the Israeli. When a famous Meir demanded an explanation Kissinger said bluntly that Russian jamming had disrupted communications on his part.

Unwinding Henry Kissinger's clasp-of-hand diplomacy in this way caused in-

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made journalist Martin Gollub's *The Secret Conversations of Henry Kissinger* to be banned for four months in 1976 by the Israeli military censors. Prime Minister Menachem



Kissinger and Menachem Begin, stay home

Begin believed the book would weaken forces with Israeli-American relations and, worse, that Gollub had access to "top-secret" information from some high government source. Only after Gollub had notified the book was to be cleared for publication Israel's "Deep Throat" but not yet been identified.

Now that the incident book has been released it is difficult to see what the fuss was about. There is little in it that could be classified as "top-secret." (For instance, there is no mention of Israel's doomsday nuclear arsenal.) It is 36 Kissinger Vietnam bombs sustained during the Yom Kippur war for use as a last resort.) It is mainly a post-mortem on the Israeli-Egyptian de-facto negotiations talks following the war. Gollub exposes the broken promises and cynical manipulation that characterized Henry Kissinger's role. His belittles, for example, that Kissinger's meddling actually delayed a settlement and that had General Abner Yavin and Abba Eban been left alone at Kalamata 181, they might well have been able to reach the same agreement, as their own, that Kissinger arranged with as much media darkness months later.

Gollub's portrayal of Kissinger's dealings in the East of the Midwest is no less scathing. According to Gollub, Kissinger was disparaging about Arab attitudes and often spoke, describing Soviet diplomacy as "conspiracy and deceit" and saying that all that had to be done to gain the cooperation of the Soviets was to "wave a wand of grain in front of their eyes." To Kissinger, the Syrians are "strange creatures," whose President Hafez Assad "thinks and acts differently from the way a man of Western civilization does." Gollub ends with a note of angry despair: "After two years of remarkable bargaining and the making of miles longed there is nothing concrete to

show" that he is also confident there will recognize that Kissinger's "various achievements in the Midwest have been chimerical." "What happens will be left with," he says. "In only Henry Kissinger's perjury." (BIBERT DE SANTANA)

#### From one exile to another

LEVIN IN ZURICH  
by Alexander Solzhenitsyn  
(Maclean-Hill/Heynon \$9.95)

"So what can we do with Solzhenitsyn?" asked Raymond Levan in the *London Times* last month. Give him his book or classify him as Levan's conclusion, based on the file of these other two great figures of history who took to taking out enormous trials. But Solzhenitsyn survives like an old-fashioned bookkeeper, but he keeps his careful account of the economy of life in the name of good. Our newspaper mostly shut out from Soviet Censor in the forced-labor camp in 27 degrees of frost. Nikolai Solzhenitsyn's books are the balance sheet of some desperate recording, amid that the chattering of wickedness, is itself a staggering task, is not enough it isn't the wilderness of the Ganges that nature can't, but the grey and wrinkled brow of man.

Solzhenitsyn's new radiating is a multi-volume study of the personalities behind the Russian Revolution: the man who made this century what it is. Of these, a small, building lawyer named Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov casts the longest shadow. "The workers of the world," wrote Ulyanov in the early 1900s, "have come to look for their chance." He was writing in exile, a bitter emigrant with spitting teeth, a few critics followed and one or two wealthy patrons. He took the leadership of the revolution of N. Lenin.

The Father of Soviet Russia spent 15 years in exile between the turn of the cen-

tury and the outbreak of the Revolution. Lenin in Zurich never felt lost there years before his German-fueled return to Russia in 1917. The Emperor, Wilhelm, hoped Lenin could split Russia from the other, and Lenin hoped to take advantage of the downfall of Wilhelm's cousin, Emperor Nicholas, to make a social revolution. Solzhenitsyn enters the mind of Lenin of the Zurich period, a man paralyzed by his failure to ignore the revolution, driven by the certainty of revealed truth, and filled with contempt for the workers who wanted they had more to lose than their chains. Faced with the vast instability of the West to understand and, through understanding, must the workings of the totalitarian spirit, Alexander Solzhenitsyn regards it as his mission to translate Lenin's wish for freedom that the blind might follow the passion and brilliance of his evil genius.

Understanding, of course, is a two-way street. Solzhenitsyn has more than fulfilled his part of the bargain. (BARBARA ARHEL)

#### Brief encounters

Publishers, like some simple mechanics, give birth twice a year. These spring and fall publication dates may keep production schedules tight, but they create revealing nightmares. Following are some glowing books received from the library.

THE INTRUDERS by Hugh Garner  
(Maclean-Hill/Heynon \$9.95)

Garner is back in Vancouver's Chinatown tracing the migration of the steady crowd to his old haunts. The setting is the Secretariat, though the idiom and scenarios belong to an earlier period. Still, if Garner as your cup of rubbing alcohol, it's his fascinating the way he captures the atmosphere of both sides of the coin to see the other city.



Lenin and wife, Mariam Krasnova, in 1910. In the Ganges of the mind



Garner: there goes the neighborhood

THE LAST COLLECTION by Seymour Bickler  
(Maclean-Hill/Heynon \$10)

One of these days someone's going to write a novel about Maximalist Jews who like to go eating and never talk dirty. This one. It Bickler does not a slick story of love, shock, subterfuge, dealers and deals. It's not high literature, but it's an easy read.

SMALL CEREMONIES by Carol Shute  
(Maclean-Hill/Heynon \$9.95)

A novel about a woman who doesn't blame (a) her husband (b) her boss (c) the Canadian Pension Plan for her own limitations. A witty and intelligent book with only a scintilla of the economic last session first novel.

PLAYGROUND by John Buell  
(Maclean-Hill/Heynon \$9.95)

No profane Canadiana novel is as anonymous as John Buell's whose last novel, *The Skewadeer*, left, read and critical acclaim in the United States and barely a mention here. Canada should certainly notice his new novel. Enough, which falls in line with requirements to a book, being all about survival in the Canadian wilderness. (BARBARA ARHEL)

#### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

##### FICION

1. *Timely, Unleashed* (2)
2. *Cartoon, Chronicle* (1)
3. *1974, Kite* (17)
4. *World On Windows, Dances* (1)
5. *The Snow Walker, Mowat* (1)
6. *Shogun, Clavell* (1)
7. *The Broomfield, White* (10)
8. *The Chalky, White* (10)
9. *Saving The Queen, Runkley*
10. *The Viking Process, Hurley*

##### NON-FICION

1. *A Man Called Mowat, Stevenson* (1)
2. *Spindles, Spence* (1)
3. *The First Days, Woodward's Bernstein*
4. *The Canadian Cattleman, Newman* (1)
5. *Dark Day, Heston* (1)
6. *Bring On The Empty Horses, Allen* (1)
7. *Teller, Ogilvy* (1)
8. *The People's Almanic, Whitehead* (1)
9. *World Of Our Fathers, Howe* (1)
10. *The Rockfellers, Collier & Horowitz*

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# Drapeau's fate may rest on the Games, but the world's rests on Habitat

Column by Allan Fotheringham

One day, when you and I were young, Mayor Drapeau was sitting on the shore of Italy on a Viaqua scooter, wading any way through the Agnès from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean side of the boat. I stopped in a mountain-side safe for lunch. The professor was surprised to find that the Agnès, but he decided to let it go. He had spent a few years in Australia earning a name that had to return to Italy to care for aging parents. He talked of how his dream to move to Canada had now been crushed and he concluded, "It is not right—so you people should have to wait and we have to live." He did not say it himself but a simple statement of fact "It is not right."

Of course it is not right, in one of the most disastrously held secrets of our time, an event is unfolding up on Canada that could do something to correct the imbalance. The organizers of Ontario and the province of Quebec politicians have kept the fact largely hidden from public view, but the largest United Nations conference ever held anywhere in the world is about to burst upon the fastheads of the unknown news column of the future. The whole country knows about the 3000 million fans of the Olympics. Two weeks of July celebration to the celebration of the peak and Jean Drapeau's ego. Almost no one knows about the two-week-long Vancouver that might do something to answer those of us who overseas people cannot see the underprivileged class as an event.

The event is a summit in Habitat, the conference on human settlements. One of the Stockholm conference on the human settlements conference on the world population. Decisions of the Stockholm conference. It is held in the city of Mexico City conference on the status of women. Vancouver, therefore famous only for men in a short to enter the list of those geographical cities which makes Montreal, Yalta and Boston Woods. No one knows where they are but everyone talks about them. The story of how Habitat suggested to the starting gate reads something like an international Press of Paradise. Star rates are played by the friends of Ontario and the state of Vancouver. And it's not exactly in a women's sufficient silence, warning, when the whole thing started in 1972 when the Stockholm gathering focused on world concerns for the environment. In one of the year's coldest of our time, it was Dr. Victor Goldstein (the poor Quebec minister responsible for the Olympics) who suggested to UN delegates that Canada would

host the follow-up in 1976. Maurice Strong, the Manitoba school dropout who became the UN environment czar (and who some think would like to be prime minister after he finishes his Pato Can dance) pushed Canada's offer. Since Montreal was going to the Olympics and Toronto the United Conference, it was decided that Vancouver would get Habitat.



Clapp, Trudeau and Habitat Forum models compete in where Pato Can is held.

Then follows chaos, as only stop-watching newsreels can reduce it. Ottawa first split the responsibilities between two departments—External Affairs and Urban Affairs—with the result that nothing got done. Patrick Reid, who headed Canada's show at the Osaka world's fair, was put in charge. He left. Diplomats John Duggan was put in charge. He left. With Habitat as a permanent foundation, Jan MacNeil, an undersecretary in Urban Affairs, was moved into the spot as Canadian commissioner-general so the UN finally could get some answers. Next there was the incredible federal waste in looking out of Habitat, the UN conference in Toronto as Ottawa cared to in pressure from the Canadian Zoonos community on the Minister Libenstein Organization make. And when the Third World countries pushed through that ridiculous UN resolution equating Zoonos with Habitat, Urban Affairs Minister Barney Danson, a Jew himself, tried to find a Jew responsible to Trudeau as host of the Habitat show.

The Ottawa fumble was followed by

the Vancouver stumble. Mayor Art Phillips, whose philosophical wanderings have earned him the title of Mr. Philippe Phillips, suddenly reversed his field. Giving in to the possession of a Zoonos woman he had appointed to a civic board, the mayor had his council vote 5-1 to cancel the bid. (The mayor's cowardly self and even as a well-known xenophobic, there are still citizens praying it will rise the entire May 31 June 31 period for four world tv will show Vancouver in its full glory and even more outsiders will want to live there.) The mayor's reputation as a coward when he council reversed itself weeks later but at this stage, late November, Dr. Goldstein's brave 1972 idea seemed about as the same as a hole in Olympic planning.

The main credit with finally saving Vancouver public opinion around in far off the UN parking garage. It was Al Clapp, a 40-year-old former tv producer who dressed like Charlie Chaplin and horns with the dreams of a revolution. By gale, wit and a fearless temper, Clapp has become guru of Habitat Forum a parallel conference of some 250 international organizations that will run in conjunction with the formal UN sessions in Vancouver. Clapp, on a mere \$575,000 in federal money based on a report convinced as to a complete base on Arctic beach, a site with the most spectacular 180-degree view in Vancouver of harbor and mountains. Using persistence, wit and persistence and persistence, as the conference, fighting off xenophobic union leaders—he has taken recycled materials and creative artists to convert the base into a parking place that will demonstrate to the 142 invited countries that the urban environment need not be all black and white. With his infectious "Woodstock," he has stolen the show from the UN before the show has opened and he has convinced Vancouver Danson, having been persuaded that it took more courage to stay than to run, has become an eager booster now.

It was in Stockholm that the cause of the conference became respectable. In Vancouver the cause of the event will be stark. A January poll showed only 35% of Canadians thought the UN was doing a good job compared to 54% in 1961. Just as Montreal in July undoubtedly will mark the end of the wild carnivorous style of Olympics Games, Vancouver in June will witness a conference would make the cause of ugly cities a world concern and boost the ongoing progress of the UN itself. With a little bit of luck and nonsense

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